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Week of May 4, 1941

The Airman and the Mermaid

By Alastair K. Macdonald
Verses by Phyllis McGinley.

1—*A nonchalant young airman drew*
His gauntlets on one day
And up into the shallow Blue
Went soaring far away.

2—*But sometimes luck deserts the brave.*
Behold this second curtain:
The airman's wrecked upon the wave,
And quite at sea for certain.

3—*He struggles, sinks; upon his eyes*
The last warm hope seems dimming,
When suddenly our hero spies
A mermaid toward him swimming.

4—*"Attractive youth, you must not drown!"*
She cries with real emotion,
And pulls him down and down and down
Into the depths of Ocean.

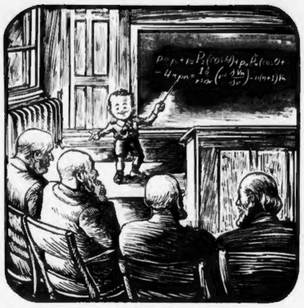
5—*"Here shall you dwell forever, sir,*
And sup with me at tea-times."
The aviator looked at her
And kissed her soundly—three times.

6—*Then, perched upon a coral chair,*
She cut for him a curl off.
But angry Triton saw them there
And roared, "Who lures my girl off?

7—*"No mortal shall invade our home*
With manners overbearing!"
And wrathful grew the restless foam
And all the fish stood staring.

8—*He dragged the maiden back again*
(Though pleadingly she spoke up)
And turned to strike her lover—when
The aviator woke up.

9—*Bandaged and limp and mermaid-less,*
"What dreams," he mourned, "were mine!"
Then gasped. Nurse held a golden tress
Still dripping from the brine.



One 11-Year-Old Genius Astounded the Learned Professors of Harvard University With a Long Lecture on the Intricacies of the Fourth Dimension.

Do Most Child Prodigies Die Young?

ALTHOUGH there seems to be a steady supply of "child prodigies" it is, perhaps, just as well that youthful geniuses are rare, for if "the good die young," so do precocious children. At least that is the conclusion of one authority on the subject who checked the careers of 164 children endowed with extraordinary talents. What he learned about those who are extraordinarily gifted is a little surprising to say the least.

The two sons of Quintilian, a celebrated Roman writer, so praised by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Pascal, whose genius developed at ten years of age, did not attain a third of a century. Pica di Mirandola passed away at 32. Johannes Secundus died at 25, having, at the age of 15 composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and he became profoundly learned in jurisprudence and letters. Hermogenes—who, at the age of 15 taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, and triumphed over the most celebrated orators of Greece—did not die, but at the age of 24 lost his faculties, and forgot all that he had previously acquired.

In 1791 a child was born in Lubeck, Germany, named Henri Hennekan, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at 12 months he had learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at 14 months he was perfectly acquainted with the Old Testament. At two years he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sauson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge. In ancient and modern language he was as proficient. But this wonder child was carried off by death in his fourth year, so his talents were lost to the world.

Despite their brief careers, however, the concert stage has proved a gold mine to several musical prodigies. Pepito Rodriguez, the marvelous boy pianist, at the age of three years, could play any air from memory which he had once heard. He received very little regular musical education, yet he was paid at the rate of $1,000 a night for his recitals in Paris, and almost as much in the United States.

At the age of ten Josef Hofmann was earning $15,000 a year. He studied under Rubinstein and toured through Europe, giving concerts in all the principal cities. Desiring a larger income, he crossed the Atlantic and gave 52 recitals, which brought him a profit of $60,000 which is a neat sum at any age.

Another remarkable youth, Otto Hegner, made a fortune of $150,000 before he was out of his teens and then retired, but, weary of doing nothing, he began to teach music at enormous fees, which aggregated the respectable total of $50,000 a year to enhance his savings.

But Zerah Colburn, of Cabot, Vermont, who had some Yankee shrewdness, found his great powers as a calculator not able to bring him more than a meager living from the people who came to his public exhibitions. Yet at the age of six years he was asked to give the number of seconds in two thousand years. After figuring mentally for several minutes, he replied unhesitatingly and correctly, that there were 63,072,000,000 seconds in that many years.

Italy was justly proud of her boy sculptor, Victor Righetti, who was earning more than $20,000 a year when only ten years old. Long before that Righetti had modeled figurines that sold for $300 each, and when not out of his teens he was making a larger income than any other Italian sculptor of his time, while some of his works were mentioned in the same breath with those of Michelangelo. But Righetti is scarcely known today, and his art seems to belong to another era.

Many will remember the 11-year-old boy marvel named William James Sidis, who not so many years ago astounded the world as well as the professors and mathematical wizards of Harvard, when he gave a lecture on the subject of the fourth dimension. The dignified savants sat in respectful silence while young Sidis expounded his theory thus:

"The fourth dimensional space is formed by projecting on a line perpendicular to the lines of third dimensional figures, figures of the third dimensional, such as the cube. The fourth dimensional space is a Euclidian space, with one more dimension added. The fourth dimension solid is called a configuration, and can be easily worked out by Oyler's theorem. A fourth dimensional figure so constructed is called a polyhedrigon, and it is possible to construct with this theorem a figure of 103 dimensional sides, which is called a hecatonicocehedrigon. It is also possible to construct in this manner a figure with 600 sides, made up of three dimensional figures, which is called a sexicicehedrigon. There are frequently gaps left in the fourth space, which I simply fill by slipping in some polyhedrigons. . ."

With the aid of a piece of crayon and the blackboard, the youngster explained the construction of some of the fourth dimensional figures unknown to many of the learned professors present. Sidis claimed that the theories which he advanced would revolutionize the study of geometry. But they didn't, and no one ever hears of William James Sidis anymore. One thing is certain, however. At the conclusion of his dissertation, no one handed him a $100 bond or presented him with one of those comfortable money awards such as are given nowadays. Nevertheless, one wonders if such genius has a very short life, or if it is the foundation of permanent fame, and if the latter, how long the gifted one will live to profit by it.

Spent 40 Years Of Their Twisted Lives Hating Women

EVERY country has its men who boast publicly that they have little, if any, use for the so-called gentler sex. These anti-feminists range all the way from "mama's boys" who are afraid of the girls, or just don't care for them, to downright women haters whose antipathy for the "daughters of Eve" takes the form of active belligerency.

It is in Yugoslavia, however, that a new high—or a new low—for woman hating has been achieved by the Brothers Dukitch, a couple of otherwise respectable rustics who have worked hard at the game of avoiding all contact with the feminine gender for more than 40 years.

The good citizens of the village of Shipovljani, which the farmer brothers have more or less put on the map with their woman-hating behavior, think it's too bad that a good psychiatrist couldn't have taken the Dukitches in hand a couple of generations ago and told them the facts of life.

It was then that their mother died, and that they swore that they would "avenge" her untimely passing by depriving the women of the world of their attentions. The brothers, then young men, undoubtedly had what the psychologists now refer to as a highly developed "mother complex." They were grief-stricken by her passing and shut themselves up from all contacts for weeks after her funeral.

When they did get back into circulation they let it be known to all and sundry that, henceforth, they had an "out" on all things feminine and women in particular. They carried their aversion to absurd extremes. They rid their farm of everything female that they could get their hands on—cows, hens, sows, ewes and mares. They couldn't put the ban on wild birds and animals.

Nature being what it is, the livestock on the Dukitch farm provided nothing more useful than "local color." No milk, no eggs, no butter. Nothing. The roosters woke the Dukitches up in the morning and spent all their time fighting. They had nothing better to do.

Whenever the Brothers See a Woman Coming Along the Road They Run and Hide—And If They Can't Find Cover They Fall on the Ground and Cover Their Faces.

The Dukitch boys erected a big sign at the entrance of their farm warning all women to keep out. They quit going to church, in spite of the fact that they are religious by nature and training, because they knew there would be women in the congregation. They never go to town—no pun intended—unless they have to because they know it is inevitable that they will meet women on the road and in the market place.

Almost everyone in the village of Shipovljani has been treated to the odd spectacle of seeing the brothers run for the ditch, prostrate themselves on the ground and cover up their heads with their arms so they won't have to look at some member of the opposite sex.

On one occasion, about a year ago, the brothers managed to get a couple of miles from their farm before they were subjected to the ordeal of meeting up with a woman—two women in this case. The hated ones happened to be two pretty and buxom peasant girls coming home from a village shindig. They were all duked out in their traditional best bibs and tuckers.

When the brothers spotted these pink-cheeked belles they sprinted for a small bridge that crossed a mountain stream and disappeared like a couple of groundhogs burrowing into their hole. The young women recognized the anti-feminists and made up their minds to have a little fun with them.

For an hour they stood on the bridge, making out that they were in no particular hurry and were getting a big kick out of the scenery in that section of Yugoslavia. They talked in a loud voice and, leaning over the rails, peered down into the water. They gave the brothers quite a turn when they said, out loud, that they thought they'd descend to the stream and go in wading.

Whenever the maidens looked under the bridge the boys covered their faces with their hands dreading the moment when they might be forced into a most embarrassing situation.

They got an earful, too, because the saucy young girls indulged in a long conversation about the eligible bachelors of the neighborhood and, during their discourse, had plenty to say about the Brothers Dukitch and their odd behavior.

One of the girls referred to them as middle-aged screwballs who wouldn't know what to do with wives if they had them. The other took the opposite view and said that she thought the Dukitches were handsome, sturdy buckos who would make very good spouses, and good catches, too.

Although there was no one else around to hear, it was rumored that the talk went, more or less delicately, into aspects of married life that made the ears of the celibates under the bridge burn a rosy red.

Finally the girls tired of their game and strolled away. The Dukitch brothers, mad as the hens they haven't got at being held up on their way to town, crawled out of their hiding place and hustled in to do their shopping. Twice more, before they reached the market place they went into the ditch to avoid contact with the fair sex.

The kissless brothers have had to pay a high price for their strange brand of exclusiveness. Almost every pleasant Sunday in the Spring and Summer, groups of laughing girls walk out to their place from the nearby town of Bosanki Petrovac and casually parade back and forth.

The young women in their bright costumes laugh loudly and some of them perch like birds on the rail fence close by the sign. Once in a while they imagine that they see the brothers peering furtively from their windows. Then they wave their handkerchiefs.

Several times since Mrs. Dukitch died, some 40 years ago, women members of the family—aunts, cousins and such—have tried to visit the woman-hating hermits. But they have always been turned back at the gate. It is rumored that the Dukitches even refused to let an extremely homely and shapeless woman relative come and keep house for them. The younger of the brothers was in favor of letting this woman lighten their domestic duties but the elder refused.

The parson in the church where the brothers used to go when they were young—in spite of the fact that he is a celibate himself—has often tried to get the Dukitches to change their way of life. But he has had no luck.

Made A Profession Of Taming Unruly Echoes

AN ECHO is all right when it stays in the great outdoors where echo fanciers may shout, yodel, croon or chuckle for the sheer joy of hearing their voices tossed back at them.

When an echo gets out of control, however, and invades an office, home or theatre, it's a source of irritation. That's where Charles C. Potwin comes in.

Mr. Potwin is America's foremost echo hunter. For the past 11 years, since graduating from an engineering school, he's been tracking down impudent and mischievous echoes and snaring them with rock wool and other modern sound absorbing material. There are four distinct types of annoying echoes which he eliminates.

A "Flutter" Echo Was Stopped by Tilting the Pictures on the Apartment Walls.

"First there is the 'flutter echo' which sometimes haunts rooms that are quite long and narrow," Mr. Potwin says. "A flutter echo keeps repeating the sound until it becomes inaudible. If you clap-clap your hands, the echo clap-claps back again fainter each time.

"Sound travels down a long, narrow room, reflecting itself from wall to wall."

Mr. Potwin eliminated a flutter echo from one apartment where it was driving its tenant crazy simply by tilting the pictures on the wall instead of letting them hang flat. The sounds were then deflected to the floor which was covered by the rug. The echo couldn't bounce back so it gave up the ghost.

"Talking about ghosts," Mr. Potwin continued, "that's exactly what the second type of echo is—a ghost echo. It repeats in a tired voice only part of what a person says. If you say, for example 'Where are you hiding?' The ghost echo will probably say wanly 'hiding?' It actually repeats all you've said, but as you've been talking, all but the last part is inaudible.

"The third type is the true echo, a robust fellow, which seems to hurl everything you have said back at you very clearly.

"The fourth type, the whispering echo, is repeated with the 's-s-s-ing' of whispering."

One of the most famous of American echoes haunted the Whispering Gallery in the Senate Wing of the Capitol. Sound travelled straight up and around the dome and came back in a faint whisper, having met no obstructions on the way. After a fire in the Senate Wing the smooth dome was replaced with a coffered ceiling which trapped the echo.

The 60-Year-Old Maine Coaster Identified Every Different Kind of Fish in the Store While His Eyes Were Covered by a Tight-Fitting Blindfold.

Can't Fool Maine's Champion Fish Feeler

GILLY PEDERSON, a small boat fisherman of Casco Bay, has won the title of Champion Fish Feeler of Maine and deserves it. Gilly has lived in a fishy atmosphere all his 60 years and some say that when he was born they weighed him on fish scales. At any rate he has an amazing knowledge of the creatures of the ocean.

Frequently, during the Summer months, he takes parties deep sea fishing. On such occasions Gilly makes a standing offer. If a fisherman has hooked a fish and will let Gilly take the line just to "heft" the catch, he will wager 50 cents that he can tell the kind of fish and how much it weighs within half a pound before it is hauled up within "seeing" distance.

And he wins a surprising number of times. "That's a four-pound haddock," or, "Feels like an 11-pound codfish," or, "My, how did this three-pound chicken halibut ever get on the hook," or, "Crickety! Now you have got something. Keep him coming slow for its a 25-pound barn door skate." Anyway Gilly invariably carries home several dollars in addition to his fee for the boat and his services.

But it was not until a few days ago at Mike Flaherty's fish shop on Commercial Street, Portland, that Gilly demonstrated the real master's touch. He had disposed of 300 pounds of cod, haddock and cusk, cashed his slip at the office window and was about to return to his boat when a Portland lawyer, who had once fished with him and watched his clever stunt of fish identification, stopped him and introduced himself.

"Hello, Gilly," he greeted the fisherman. "Still on as familiar terms with the fishes as you were last Summer?

"Oh, I guess so," Gilly grinned back.

The lawyer glanced around the shop. It was a great fish day. The show windows had many varieties, while floor boxes were piled high. He said: "Gilly, if you were blindfolded how many of the fishes here could you identify simply by taking them in your hands?"

"All of them," Gilly answered promptly, with great confidence.

"For how much—$10?"

"Suits me."

Gilly went into a little side room where the money was put up and he was securely blindfolded by two men who agreed to act as judges. Then Gilly was led out to the show window where he began operations. Word of the bet spread and quite an audience gathered.

"First one's easy, boys," he declared as he ran his hands over a big sturgeon. "Happened to know one of them Italian gill-netters got a sturgeon and of course they'd bring it to Mike. Ain't no feat to tell him. Couldn't mistake that long body and sharp snout. Next."

Passing on, he stretched his sensitive hands toward a pile of small flat fishes.

"Butter fish and pretty good ones too, for this early in the season. Bet a nickel they come from Olesen's fish pound off Richmond's Island. Well, well, here's a nice lot of early mackerel probably from Cape May. Smelts. No trick to tell them. Dipping them down the Middle Bay just now. Fresh alewives. I knew they are running up the Damariscotta River and Mike always gets the first ones. Bet they'll sell fast."

The lawyer looked worried for not once did Gilly falter. He named fish sticks, scallops, oysters, clams, smoked herring and shrimps by barely touching them with his remarkable fingertips.

"Wait till he gets to the big floor boxes," whispered one of the bystanders. "How's he going to tell a cod from a haddock, and when he reaches those flounder boxes—he's done."

He wasn't so sure as Pederson continued his triumphal march around the fish house.

"No trick at all to place that box of cusk," he grinned under his blindfold. "I allus did hate the feel of their slimy carcasses. This box's full of cod and this one haddock."

"Suppose you can feel the black stripe on the haddock's side," remarked one joker.

"No, not exactly, but their little fins are different and—well there are other ways," he added mysteriously.

"Guess there are all right," ruefully conceded the lawyer who could feel his hold on that ten spot getting weaker.

At the flounder boxes Gilly hesitated a moment as he picked up two or three different fish.

"Here's where you win," whispered one of the fish surgeons to the lawyer. "There's a catch to this."

"Hm! Let me see," mused Gilly. "This is a flounder all right and this one feels like it is, too, but it isn't quite the same. It's a sand dab. Belongs to the flounder family, but its got a more picked nose and its eyes are so close together they nearly touch each other. That right, boys?"

"It's right, Gilly," laughed the lawyer. "Give him the ten bucks, boys, he's earned them. You are the champion fish feeler of Maine. I don't know how it's done. If it's a trick it's a darned good one and I'd like to know just how you do it."

Gilly says it isn't a trick. He just knows his fish. He may not know that the scientific name for the cusk is "Brosmius Brosme" but he does know that there isn't a fish anywhere that can compare with the cusk for making fish sticks. Anyway he puts on a mighty good "act" if it is one that is hard to explain.

Wealthy Mrs. Donovan (Now in the Asylum) and Her Yogi Teacher

"White Lama" Theos Bernard Testifies That He Can't Sit on Water, Float in Air or Support Himself on One Finger and That It's Not His Fault If His Pupil Went Crazy So Strangely Like Barbara Rutherfurd, Fashionable Disciple of "Omnipotent Oom" Bernard (Same Name, Same Game, But No Relation)

Barbara Rutherfurd, Younger Daughter of the Late Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and One of Oom's Disciples, Who, Like Mrs. Donovan, Wound Up in a Mental Institution.

Acme

Theos Bernard, in the Costume of a Lama Priest, Which He Says He Isn't; Nor, He Says, Has He Anything to Do With the "Omnipotent Oom."

LIKE many other wealthy and fashionable women, Mrs. Wilfrid J. Donovan, wife of a New York department store executive, became interested a few years ago in Yoga, the science of the East whose devotees are supposed to acquire supernatural powers, largely by sitting in uncomfortable positions and staring at their stomachs.

Today Mrs. Donovan is a mental patient in a private sanitarium. Her husband says that Yoga put her there and he is suing the man who instructed her in the subject, Theos Bernard, popularly known as the White Lama, and Mr. Bernard's Yogi demonstrator, a former dancer named Claire Lea Stuart, for $25,000 damages.

Both the latter deny all responsibility for her condition.

The suit has been under way for about a year but, until a few days ago, was almost as mysterious as Yoga itself. It was known that the White Lama had been examined before trial but what the examination had disclosed remained a deep dark secret. Judge, lawyers and the principals in the case were the only initiates.

Now the record of the examination, an impressive document of nearly 200 typewritten pages, has been made available.

It would be a mistake to say that it clears up all the mystery—it doesn't and maybe even the forthcoming trial won't—but though shadows still lurk in the background some interesting facts have come to light.

As was to be expected at a hearing of this kind, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Donovan's lawyer, Gerald B. O'Neill, held the stage from beginning to end. No others acted with them—except defense attorneys Birrell and Hartman, who popped up now and then to register an objection—but quite a few of those who may appear later in supporting roles were mentioned by name.

These include, besides Mr. Donovan and Mrs. Stuart, such interesting personalities as Pierre Bernard, once known as the Omnipotent Oom, the Yogi of Nyack, N. Y.; his wife, Blanche DeVries; Dr. Viola Wertheim Bernard, ex-wife of Theos and daughter of the late multi-millionaire, Jacob Wertheim; and Viola's sister, ex-wfe of Percival W. Whittlesey, Oom's secretary, whose allegedly Nazi houseboy was arrested a short time ago on charges of shooting his master.

Int'l

The Omnipotent Oom (Left) Giving a Few Yogi Pointers to Prizefighter Lou Nova, Who Trained at His Estate in Quarters Once Sacred to Vanderbilts and Such.

In questioning his witness, lawyer O'Neill sought information on three major points: (1) the nature of Yoga and Theos' qualifications as a guru, or teacher of it: (2) his relations with Mrs. Donovan: and (3) his connection, if any, with Oom and the Nyack cult.

Responding to this last line of inquiry, Theos testified that he was unrelated to Oom by either blood or business. In other words, the fact that both have the same last name and are exponents of Yoga is nothing more than a coincidence.

It is just coincidence, too, that Theos first met the woman who became his wife at the Clarkstown Country Club, Oom's place on the Hudson River; that after their marriage both lived there a good deal of the time; that they fraternized with Whittlesey and other Oombahs; that Mrs. Stuart had been a Nyack novitiate long before she began to instruct Theos' pupils in how to sit cross-legged; and finally that, after being introduced to Mrs. Donovan by a mutual friend, the White Lama recommended that she seek instruction at a New York studio then operated by Mrs. Stuart and Blanche DeVries.

A coincidence more striking than any of these, however, was overlooked. Barbara Rutherfurd, younger daughter of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt and during the 1920's one of Oom's most ardent disciples, blazed the trail that Mrs. Donovan seems to be following.

After marrying a man named Nichols, who was then Pierre Bernard's first lieutenant, Barbara was confined to a mental institution. She died in a sanitarium in Cannes, France, a couple of years ago.

Evidently, the preliminary teaching Mrs. Donovan got from Stuart and DeVries did not satisfy her, for not long afterwards she was applying to Theos for a course of more advanced instruction.

The latter obligingly offered to give her his individual attention either at a rate of $25 an hour or, if she wanted to sign up for twelve hours, a bargain price of $250, cash in advance. Mrs. Donovan jumped at the bargain; so in February, 1939, they sat down in the ornate suite of rooms which Theos maintained in a swanky New York hotel to the first of a series of advanced lessons.

It is her husband's contention that she was even then in a state bordering on the psychopathic and that, realizing as much, Theos and Mrs. Stuart took her on simply with a view to diverting money from her—and indirectly from her husband—regardless of the possible effect on her health.

The defendants deny that they knew there was anything the matter with Mrs. Donovan, if indeed, there was, asserting that she was the moving spirit in the entire transaction, appeared normal and that she was treated as anyone might have been who came to them in similar circumstances.

Blanche DeVries, Oom's Wife, Who, According to Mr. Donovan, Was Co-Owner of the Studio Where His Wife Began the Mystic Quest That Ended in the Sanitarium.

When the twelve hours which the first $250 entitled her to had run out, the pupil handed over another similar sum, this time not for personal instruction but as the entrance fee to a class, or seminar, attended by a handful of people.

The White Lama presided over this group, which likewise met in his hotel rooms, reading aloud from a manuscript devoted to his experiences in India and Tibet while Mrs. Stuart demonstrated Yogi postures on the floor.

Five hundred dollars in an ordinary material market can buy quite a lot. Judging from Theos' remarks, its value in terms of spiritual things is not so great. A reading of the record suggests that Mrs. Donovan not only paid but, when it came to exchanging information, gave as much as she got. At least, her mentor hints that in the private meetings he had a hard job keeping her to the matter in hand, for at the drop of a hat she would start telling the story of her life.

Even when they did get down to business, the return on the original investment seems to have been at a lower rate than, say, on government bonds. What Mrs. Donovan apparently got the most of was cold water; Theos himself implies that he was always having to throw this sobering liquid on her enthusiasms.

"She would ask questions," he declared, "about the mysteries of religion…and I would then take it upon myself as best as possible to explain to what extent those things do not exist and do not obtain."

The same negative note kept cropping up again and again. The pupil wanted to know about levitation (floating in the air), apparently with a view to levitating herself somewhere, but once more the answer was: "those things do not obtain." She asked about "auras," and the master replied: "I don't know anything about it."

The seminar appears to have been more rewarding than the private meetings. In addition to the readings from the manuscript and Mrs. Stuart's calisthenics, Theos says that he himself would occasionally demonstrate how to swallow twenty feet of cloth, or one's tongue, or how to cleanse the body of Kapha (phlegm). Also, when things began to drag a bit they could always turn out the lights and show a few reels of a film he had taken in India.

The same tendency to belittle and play down, noticeable in the testimony regarding Mrs. Donovan, likewise characterized the witness' remarks about Oom and even about himself.

When he first rocketed to prominence a few years ago, newspapers described him as a doctor of philosophy from Columbia University who had gone to the Orient and become the only white man ever to have resided for any length of time in Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet, the only one ever to have been initiated into the deepest mysteries of Tibetan Buddhism and actually to have become a lama.

Why and how had all this happened?

Because, replied Theos in an article printed at the time, "they believed me to be the reincarnation of the God who founded that religion."

Under questioning in the present suit, however, he modified this colorful picture in a few particulars. It developed that his wealthy wife, Oom's disciple, had supported him while he was at Columbia and that he had not taken his doctor's degree but only studied for it.

And he disclaimed the appellation, "White Lama," as a figment of publicity, stating that he had not really become a lama at all but had merely gone through a preliminary initiation, on a level considerably below that of the final vows.

Furthermore, he testified:

That he could not float in the air;

Or reduce his specific gravity ("still fluctuates with potatoes and gravy," he admitted);

Or shed his skin;

Or bound about at will "like an inflated rubber ball!"

Or practise clairvoyance;

Or hold his breath for three hours;

Or even support himself on one finger—all of which attainments had been reported in his manuscript, later published in book form, as possible to those who had mastered Yoga.

His remarks about Oom were even more disillusioning. He as much as said that if it had not been for his wife, who was fond of the place, he would have given Nyack a wide berth. As it was, he visited there on and off for over a year and knew such inmates as Whittlesey and Blanche DeVries, but only casually. And, while confessing that he had attended a number of Oom's weekly lectures, he denied having ever studied Yoga under him.

Question (by O'Neill): What were the lectures that Pierre Bernard delivered? Answer: So far as I could tell they seemed to be nothing much but personal prejudices.

Q: Against what? A: The world in general. The whole lectures were so long and involved that it was impossible to say afterwards what they were about for you usually were sleeping.

Q.: You slept through a number of his lectures, did you? A.: Every one I could, along with everyone else.

Oom probably won't like this bit of testimony, but he should be able to stand it, for he has stood a great many worse things in his life. During the last thirty-one years his name has cropped up in connection with morals charges, illegal medicine practice, public disturbances, society scandals, gambling, bootlegging, divorce cases, poisoned water supplies and, just this last Winter, the shooting of his secretary, Whittlesey.

But, out of all this, his only conviction has been for a minor traffic violation.

Latterly, he has changed a good deal from the mystical figure who first cast a spell over The Best People. The turban and flowing robes, with which he used to titillate their taste for the occult, have given way to an old baseball cap and a sweat shirt. He has extended his activities to the mundane sphere with a vengeance, even to the extent of running a circus, keeping a herd of elephants and renting quarters to Lou Nova and other prizefighters to train in.

If it was Yoga that turned him in these directions, and if it was also Yoga that led Mrs. Donovan and Barbara Rutherfurd into institutions, then it would seem that the people who consider the Science of the East to be mysterious and unpredictable are right.

It might be well, however, to reserve final decision in the matter until Mr. Donovan's suit comes to trial.

Bomb-Shocked Little Minds—Most Heartbreaking

Blasting of Cities by Nazi Air Attack Is Not Half So Destructive Or Pitiful As the Shattering of the Mentalities of Hundreds of Children to Whom Bombs Are Fearful Living Monsters That Cause Unendurable Fright—and How Famous Dr. Sigmund Freud's Daughter, Taking Up the Psychiatrist's Work, From Where Death Halted It, Is Working Day and Night to Salvage the Young Human Wrecks

To the Children Whose Minds Are Already Tortured by War Conditions, Nazi Bombs Are Not Mere Explosives. They Take the Shape of Fearful Ogres, Nightmare Monsters and Dragons, Born of Flame and Smoke, That Literally Devour the Youngters' Sanity, Which Miss Freud Is Trying to Save.

Acme

By GEORGE F. ALLISON,
The American Weekly's Resident Correspondent in England.

LONDON, April 21.

"YOUNG-AGE" pensions of a penny a day for every small boy and girl in England have been suggested as one of the cures for an epidemic of child-gangsterism, caused by the indiscriminate bombing of cities. But for children who have been actually bomb-shocked, which is quite different from the well-known shell-shock of the last war, pennies for sweets are not enough. Their little minds have been warped far beyond the power of any such easy remedy.

The only way to straighten them out is by psychoanalysis of the child mind, a new delicate and difficult feat. Fortunately the enemy who caused the damage thoughtlessly provided England with the world's greatest expert on that brand-new problem, Miss Anna Freud, daughter and disciple of the late Dr. Sigmund Freud, known as the "father" of psychoanalysis.

Though the persistent bombings of London and the almost complete destruction of Coventry had almost negligible effect on morale and nerves of the adult population, they have done pitiful damage to children.

The chief reason for this difference is that every grown-up person understands exactly what a bomb is. It is nothing but a container of explosive which can explode only once and has then done all the harm it can ever do. But the mind of a bomb-shocked child is full of entirely different pictures. The jungle of his unconscious mind is infested by ogres and dragons, born from the smoke of these bombs. These monsters must all be brought into the light of consciousness and slain.

It is a long and hard task to psychoanalyze the mind of an intelligent and cooperative adult. But even these methods won't work at all on the child who shuts up like a clam at such questioning.

To see into the child mind, Miss Freud has to get down on all fours on the floor and play with them, like a child and at the same time, think with them, as a child. This is possible for her because she is still young and her father, in training his daughter, bade her keep undistorted the memories of her own childish mental processes.

Her most baffling cases are those, fortunately few, of bomb-shocked children who have been blind from birth. Their ideas are utterly different from those of children who can see. To go along with these blind children she must shut the eyes of her own mind and grope in their darkness, a blind leader of the blind, to slay invisible monsters.

Much of this might have been beyond the powers of anyone except this specially-trained and gifted young expert who is a gift from the Germans themselves.

AFTER the Anschluss with Austria, the Nazis, with characteristic thoroughness, started to take their profit in loot. At Vienna, preoccupied with his research, was the leading psychologist of his time, honored universally. But the plunderers had him classified only as an elderly man who belonged to one of the religions set down for persecution and plunder.

They went to work on him, with planned efficiency, broke his heart and his health and finally, after confiscating his life savings, permitted the learned man to go to England where he died, soon after the war began. With him they allowed to go his daughter Anna who was not a doctor, a professor nor anything else that sounded important, just another mouth for England to feed—so they thought. Dr. Freud died before he could help the country that had given him shelter but the daughter he had trained is carrying on for him as nobody else could.

The old war disease, shell-shock, is considered an attempt of the mind to escape an unendurable situation by refusing, in one way or another, to recognize it exists. Bomb-shock, the new disease which afflicts children, is different, being a form of anxiety neurosis.

This is a mind that does not shut its eyes to reality but never ceases to dread what is coming. In children, it becomes an automatic, mechanical process that shows itself in strange disturbances which only a mental specialist would understand.

Many cases of bomb-shocked kiddies can be recognized by most anyone. For instance, the little tot, shown on the next page, who burst into uncontrollagle sobbing, at the first sound of the air raid siren. This sometimes continued almost uninterruptedly for days, the exhausted little victim going to sleep at intervals but still sobbing even in its sleep. There are the rather common cases of children who after a bombing have lost the ability to walk and can hardly stand still, without lurching.

These have to be taught to walk all over again and the hardest part is then to make them recover their old sense of balance, so that they can walk without staggering like a drunken man. This is practiced in gangs, each little staggerer clinging to the one in front of him and the first one clutching the skirts of the nurse. But before they can learn to walk again, Miss Freud or one of her assistants must psychoanalyze them to discover the cause of the inhibition at the bottom of the seeming paralysis, and find ways to remove it.

This may turn out to have been a command, given by a parent just before the bomb struck, forbidding the child to move. The thunderous upheaval which followed burned that last order into the little brain so deeply that it could not move its legs again. In other youngsters, their world was populated by imaginary monsters, born of the bombs.

ONE OF the oldest instinctive methods for a defenseless creature to escape death from some big animal is to become motionless and thus avoid being noticed. A small animal "frozen by fear" thaws out and runs to safety as soon as the enemy has passed, but the child's paralysis remains, until treated.

There are children who commence vomiting the moment the siren starts and do not recover from the nausea until the all-clear sounds. Way down in the confusion of the subconscious mind, the bomb-terror has somehow become linked with the after-effects of eating things the parents had forbidden. Miss Freud has to find her way into that mental tangle and break up the incongruous association of ideas.

Other symptoms, such as quiet docility, in a boy who had previously been noisy and obstreperous are not so obvious. This change, apparently for the better, is really for the worse, a serious danger-signal. The important thing is what to do with a case when it is recognized.

Rosemary, five years old, refused to go to bed or to sleep anywhere except on the floor as near as possible to the front door. If her parents put her to bed by force, they had to hold her there. The moment they left the bed, she jumped up, grabbed a blanket and headed for her place near the door.

During the bombing of Coventry this little girl had been hurled from her bed to the cold, hard floor. However, she got right up, neither wept nor complained and except for a few slight bruises, seemed none the worse for it. Like the other bombed-out babies, she simply followed her elders about and listened without saying much.

Not until bedtime the following evening, did anyone suspect that the youngster's nervous system had been marked with a fixed idea, never to go to bed again or climb the stairs, if she could avoid it.

Rosemary was finally placed in the care of Miss Freud, who studied the pathetic little patient at her child clinic, and cured her in about a week. Perhaps the reader would like to pause at this point and take three guesses as to how it was done.

The method is probably the last one most parents would think helpful for a nervously-afflicted child. It was to add deliberately a few extra difficulties to Rosemary's life. The victim of bed-and-upstairs phobia was sent to a farm under the care of a nurse who had her instructions. The little patient enjoyed an interesting first day inspecting the farm animals but after dark was wretchedly homesick for her parents and ruined home. When she refused to go to bed upstairs, there was no argument and she was permitted to snooze on the floor beside the front door.

After breakfast Rosemary was granted permission to go out and see the animals again but found the back door locked. The front door opened to her hand but a pool of muddy water which had not been there the night before surrounded the steps. She came in and complained only to find the grown-ups, who had been so kind and attentive the day before, now strangely preoccupied. Two were in such earnest conversation that they could not be interrupted, a third was busy washing the dishes and the nurse was taking a nap. All the child got out of them was the indifferent remark:

"There should be a plank to cross on."

There was a plank, but it was narrow and about a foot above the muddy water. She shouldn't be expected to cross that; she might fall in. But nobody seemed to care and the animals were calling, so finally she crept over on her hands and knees.

AS ROSEMARY got to her feet on the other side of the pool, she was startled by a burst of cheers and handclapping. Those inattentive people were all looking out the door and telling her what a smart little girl she was. Off she scampered to the pig pen to see again its fascinatingly bad-mannered inmates and to speculate on how a lamb could get its coat so dirty in less than one year.

Next day, tea-time came and everyone else had an egg but, though they had especially asked her and she had especially told them that she wanted an egg, they were one egg short, none for poor Rosemary. The child's face fell.

The farmer's wife had an idea. If Rosemary cared to go out in the barnyard and get herself the nicest egg she could find, it would only take a few minutes to cook. Delighted, the youngster darted out the back door, no longer locked, but found her path blocked by a new obstruction, a stile, three feet high. She started to go back but remembered the plank she had conquered, climbed the stile and even managed to return over it, with the egg-treasure unbroken. Again she was received with applause and praise.

Next day a package arrived from her parents. The farmer gave the child permission to open it and then, to her dismay, tossed it on top of a high bureau and hurried off to the barn. The child could not reach it up there but again, all the grown-ups seemed to have lost interest in her existence. It was unbearable to see that package, just out of reach. Something had to be done and she would have to do it herself.

A light step-ladder "happened" to be near. Rosemary dragged it over, climbed the steps and the treasure was hers, also more praise.

In the parcel was a cute, new cap which the following morning, most unaccountably, appeared up in an artificial tree. Her elders and betters said they were too heavy to climb it and had no ideas, so it was up to Rosemary to solve the problem. She did so by climbing the tree and getting her property, together with more praise. This went on for six days; then came another development.

THREE new, bombed-out girls arrived and, being strangers, were even mor interesting than the animals. At bedtime the three retired to their cots in a bedroom on the upper floor, where they were permitted to have a light and talk a while before going to sleep. There was a fourth cot for Rosemary but she refused it, as usual. This was too bad since she would miss the conversation, because the nurse would have to put her to bed downstairs on the floor, in her chosen place by the front door.

Mournfully the child followed the nurse down the stairs. Slower and slower moved the reluctant little feet, finally stopping before the door was reached.

"I think I'll try to go to sleep upstairs in bed," she remarked. She did so with such success that now the youngster fearlessly sleeps in any bed anywhere. Rosemary had slain the dragon fear in the jungle of her mind. Miss Freud, using her father's discoveries, had done it by converting the big fear obstacle into a series of smaller ones, which she was able to conquer, gaining confidence with each victory.

This by-product of bomb-shocked children is about the only result the Nazis got from their bombings of residential sections—bombings which they had every reason to believe would produce the greatest deluge of mental cases since the human race began.

German psychologists, basing their judgment on the number of shell-shocked soldiers in the last war, reasoned that if this could happen among the trained, hardened and best specimens, then wholesale bombings of soft, unprepared populations of the cities would convert the British Isles into a madhouse.

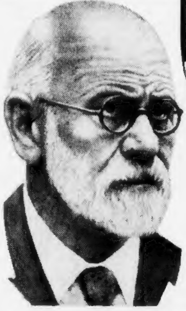
(Continued on Next Page)

-England's Casualties

Like This Child, Most of the Bomb-Shocked Babies Suffer From a Nervous Affliction That Brings Loss of Equilibrium and a Tendency to Break Into Uncontrolled and Prolonged Sobbing. Only the Quiet of a Sanitarium Helps Them.

A Daily Routine of Play at an Isolated Children's Sanitarium Is Prescribed in the Plan of Miss Freud and Other Psychiatrists to Salvage the Distorted Little Minds.

No War Terror Even Remotely Approaches That of Blinded Children Like These, in This Heart-Chilling Photograph, Who Tremble in Fright in the Blackness of the Cold, Damp Shelters, Not Knowing Which Way to Turn for Safety, as the Air Raid Sirens Wail.



The Late Prof. Sigmund Freud (Left), Psychiatrist and Author, Who Was Exiled by the Germans and Died in London, Where His Daughter Anna (Above) Has Taken Up His Work by Dedicating Herself to Salvaging the Bomb-Shocked Minds of Little British Children.

(Continued From Preceding Page)

Never were learned men more bitterly disappointed. The effect on the adults was almost nothing, except to harden their will to resist.

That the damage to children of tender age is not far greater than has happened, is surprising, considering how easy it is to condition a child so that it will be terrified at a mouse, the dark or any sort of bogey man the parents or nurse tells alarming yarns about. The bomb-shocked little ones seem to be diagnosed and sent away for treatment about as fast as they are afflicted.

A FEW weeks ago the Minister of Health ordered the compulsory evacuation of all children under the age of fourteen in Greater London and many other large cities whose health, bodily or mentally, had been affected by air raids. Though all raid wardens, doctors, nurses and teachers were instructed to report such cases, only a dozen were turned in.

In strategic parts of England child clinics were established under the guidance of Miss Freud, assisted by Mrs. Dorothy Burlingham of New York, Mrs. Lillian Bowes-Lyon, the novelist, and many refugee psychologists, doctors and nurses who thus repaid England for the shelter it gave them from the common enemy. The American Committee for Air Raid Relief is playing a great part in furnishing the funds for the clinics and homes for bombed-out, but by no means knocked-out, youngsters.

The method of psychoanalyzing a child, by skilfully directing and watching its play, is illustrated by the treatment of Billy, a chubby fellow of six, playing with a sand tray in his new scientific home.

With visible determination and deliberation, he built up a fierce battle scene between toy tigers and elephants in one corner of the tray, whilst in the opposite corner he put a toy rabbit peeping from behind a hillock. Then, pointing to the rabbit, he said rather shyly, "That's me."

And in that one little "game" he told those caring for him almost everything there was to be known about his problem. The rabbit in the corner revealed to the watching psychologists just why, since the blitz began, he had been afraid of sleeping in a room by himself; it even explained why he had a timidity which had made it almost impossible to billet him after he and his parents had been bombed out of their dockside home.

Before the bombing started, this little fellow was one of the noisiest boys in the district—always getting into mischief and always taking the lead in any wild prank. Expressed in sand-tray terms, he had been one of the tigers or elephants doing the fighting rather than the frightened rabbit shivering behind the hillock—his present condition.

Two weeks after that sand-tray incident, this little six-year-old had gone through yet another transformation. He was neither the timid rabbit nor the predatory lion; for those studying his case had turned him into a man whose job it was to kill the tiger. And today that youngster understands more about the ethics of fighting to preserve freedom, and about withstanding the attacks of the night bombers, than many a grown-up, ten times his age.

One of the common forms of bomb-shock appears in the form of a distressing loss of the power of concentration. The child's attention can hardly be held long enough to grasp a single sentence of instruction. This is no more than might be expected. What grown-up would listen to advice about manners and deportment while expecting momentarily to be devoured by a monster more dreadful than a dinosaur? When the monster has been slain the bad habit of dispersed attention still persists but now it can be cured.

THE FIRST step is get a boy interested in a new mechanical toy which usually is no trouble at all. In the midst of his first thrill of interest, he is called away for a moment. Upon running back to his treasure, he finds it will no longer work because some "mean person" has unscrewed one of the parts. The "mean person," is the nurse who now is too busy to do anything except suggest that he ought to fix it himself.

The act is so simple that he can hardly fail and yet it does call for a little concentration. Next time the mysterious sabotage is a bit more serious—two parts have been removed. More concentration, and success, followed by more sabotage until finally he can assemble the entire toy.

Most girls having a soul above mechanics, usually cannot be lured by that trick. But they fall for other schemes to bring back their powers of concentration. The scatter-brained maiden is given a costume, like that of the other girls except that the nurse has "forgotten" to attach one or two outstanding decorations. All the girl needs to remedy the situation is a few pins. Next time the problem is more complicated, involving a stitch or two of needle work.

Only the demolition bombs, the explosive ones, are unpopular with children. The incendiaries, regardless of what the prejudiced grown-ups may say, are looked upon as toys from the sky and if it were not for the other kind, parents would have difficulty in making children believe that these "presents" are not evidence of a lovable trait in the Nazis.

This is because, if a child has the luck to beat his parents and other adults to it, he is permitted to extinguish the flaming, hissing thing himself, in fact the children are now trained to do it.

THE BOY gangsters and their girl pals who are called "baby gun-molls" are not bomb-shocked. They are a different problem, the result of neglect by parents, teachers and other guardians who would have controlled their behavior under normal conditions. This is so serious that some have said that if something is not done to stop the evil, it will become like the problem of the Russian waifs who have appeared in such vast numbers all over Russia, with the economic and moral degradation since the revolution.

The immediate cause is, no doubt, neglect by the parents but in most cases, that neglect is the unavoidable result of the war. Some of the fathers are in the army and navy. The majority are giving every ounce of energy and attention to their work in munitions factories, to say nothing of volunteering as fire and raid wardens, plane spotters and similar work, while they are "resting."

Those who work on the day shifts usually are so exhausted that on coming home, they fall asleep the moment they sit down, are awakened for supper and then tumble into bed to get what rest they may before the bombing raids make sleep impossible.

The wife of such a man is not likely to make him stay awake to listen to the bad news that his children are getting out of hand. The wife of a night-shift worker is in even a worse position. He must get his sleep during the noisy day, when ordinarily the children have the right to make the home a harmless bedlam. Somehow she must keep the little irrepressibles quiet. There is only one practical way—to let them make their noise somewhere else.

The youngsters have lots of time to spend but no pocket money because, under the pinch of wartime conditions, the mothers have all they can do to feed their broods. Many schools have been destroyed and truancy is not followed up vigorously.

Everything seems to conspire against the moral welfare of these war-children. Crowded into shelters at night, when they should be in their own beds, they see and hear things which they should not. During the long idle days they used to collect in front of the sweet-shop windows, displaying things that were as far away from their possession as the Crown jewels in the Tower of London. But there was a way, they soon found, when in swaggered a ragged, dirty urchin, with real money in his hand. How did he get it?

PROUDLY he told them. It was by foraging among the bombed ruins. These are always roped off and guarded, but a child who is smart and sly can usually manage to creep in unobserved and pick up a few articles missed by the legitimate searchers. Such things can be converted into money and sometimes money itself is to be found. They knew this was against the law but it did not seem so very wicked. To join in the pillaging, however, they had to become members of the gangs.

One plan already in action is to provide halls and missions where music, games and all sorts of harmless competitions are provided to keep youngsters interested and use up the superfluous energy.

But this does not appease that universal childhood craving for sweets and thus was born the idea of "young-age pensions."

A penny a day for every boy and girl under fourteen and perhaps up to a shilling, according to age of those older, would probably not cost as much as the army of welfare workers, child specialists, nurses, special officers and institutions and all the rest of the huge machinery for handling problem children and youthful delinquents.

Work in an Office? Here's How to Rate *Your Value*

A Collegiate Stenographer, Eh? Well, If You Wear This Kind of Rig to Work, the Boss Is Sure to Believe You Belong Back on the Campus—and Suggest Going.

The Boss Makes Mistakes, Too, But When You Gloat Over One of His Errors, If You Must, Wait Till You're Out of the Office. He Won't Like It If You Stage a Triumphant Dance After Discovering His Error.

By BERYL HEXTED,

Secretarial and Business School Instructor.

MAYBE you're just the average office worker, feeling that because you put in eight hours a day and draw a pay check regularly you're worth your salary to the company. Or maybe you're a Big Executive and consider yourself indispensable to the firm. Or maybe you're gunning for a better job but just can't seem to make the grade.

Whatever your position, have you ever tried honestly to determine your office value? No one is in a better position to figure it out than you are. A prospective employer can only estimate your worth. And that's just guesswork. A current employer can't keep his eye on you all day.

Just because your firm pays you a weekly salary it doesn't mean that you're worth just exactly that figure to them in cold cash; no more, no less.

The boss can't keep track of all your assets and liabilities. But you can. Try this quiz and you'll have a good idea of your office value. Do it this way. Answer each question honestly, Yes or No, and check the score you get for each answer. Then add up all your totals and turn to page 13 to find out just how much salary you're really worth. You may get quite a surprise.

Concerning the Boss.

1—Do you let the boss see that you enjoy his discomfort when he is proven wrong? Yes 0, No 5.

2—Do you ease up on your work as soon as the boss gets out of sight? Yes 2, No 5.

3—Do you consider work that goes directly to the boss more important than routine records which he probably doesn't see? Yes 2, No 5.

4—If you met the boss socially would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Act more familiar with him? Yes 0.
Seize that opportunity to discuss your job? Yes 0.
Purposely avoid "talking shop?" Yes 10.

5—Have you at any time asked for a raise without doing anything additional to merit it? Yes 3, No 5.

6—Do you try to learn from your boss? Yes 5, No 0.

7—Do you frequently interrupt the boss with unimportant details? Yes 2, No 5.

8—If you had a good business idea would you burst in on the boss to tell him about it rather than write it out and send it to him? Yes 2, No 5.

9—If the boss made a small and unimportant error when assigning you some work, would you correct him? Yes 2, No 5.

10—In asking for a raise would you tell him:
(Answer only one of these)
You'll leave if you don't get it? Yes 0.
You've had a better offer? Yes 0.
Why you deserve it? Yes 20.

11—When your boss asks a question you can't answer, do you try to fake a reply? Yes 2, No 5.

12—If your boss' wife phoned and asked you to shop for her, would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Do it, even though inconvenient, in your lunch hour? Yes 20.
Tell her, without consulting your employer, that you're busy? Yes 5.
Ask your employer if he can spare you to do this favor for his wife? Yes 20.
Remind her that she has far more time than you have? Yes 0.

With Your Co-workers.

1—Have you quarreled with a fellow worker more than twice in the last two months? Yes 0, No 5.

2—If someone in your own department needed help for an emergency overload of work, would you:
(Answer only of of these)
Help him without being told? Yes 20.
Help only if told to by a superior? Yes 10.
Suggest they hire another employe? Yes 0.
Refuse, since "It's not your job?" Yes 0.

3—Do you sound out employes' opinions of other employes? Yes 0, No. 5.

4—If you felt that one of your fellow workers was not acting strictly on the level would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Report him to the boss? Yes 0.
Do nothing about it because it's his affair; not yours? Yes 0.
Take him to lunch and tell him about it? Yes 20.

5—Do you discuss in detail the party you attended last night? Yes 0. No. 5.

6—If you had a new system to speed up your department's efficiency would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Apply it only to your own work without saying anything? Yes 2.
Suggest to your co-workers that they adopt it also? Yes 10.

7—If some employe shoved work onto you which he should do himself would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Go over his head, and complain? Yes 0.
Make an attempt to help him, because it is the line of least resistance? Yes 10.
Say, "I'm sorry, but I haven't time?" Yes 20.
Remind him that it is his work, not yours? Yes 5.

8—Does "clowning" make you furious? Yes 2, No 5.

9—Have you ever reported office "clowns" for killing time? Yes 0, No 5.

10—If another employe quoted your ideas as his own would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Ignore it? Yes 0.
Complain to the boss? Yes 0.
Tell him not to let it happen again? Yes 20.

11—Do you offer to help a co-worker when you finish up what you are doing and don't happen to have anything else important to do at the moment ? Yes 5, No 2.

12—Do you cheerfully accept any committee or group activities that have nothing to do with your regular duties? Yes 5. No 2.

Your Appearance.

1—Do you freshen up your appearance:
In your lunch hour on your own time? Yes 5, No 2.
Only when you leave for the day? Yes 0, No 5.

2—Do you chew gum? Yes 0, No 5.

3—Do you sit with your feet on your desk? Yes 0, No 5.

4—Do you have your shoes shined at least twice a week? Yes 5, No 0.

5—Do you comb your hair and primp at your desk? Yes 2, No 5.

6—Do you lounge around the office, looking as though you came there for a rest? Yes 2, No 5.

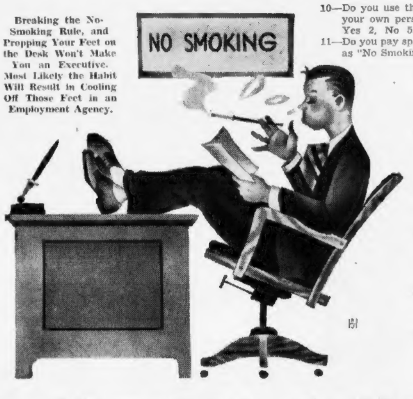
7—Do you wear clothes that:
Should be at the cleaners? Yes 0, No 5.
Are full of wrinkles? Yes 2, No 5.

8—Do you drag yourself to work in the morning showing the ill effects of the night before? Yes 0, No 5.

9—Do you dress in sweaters and tweeds as though you were still in college? Yes 2, No 5.

10—Do you keep a pencil stuck behind your ear? Yes 2, No 5.

11—Do you take a bath only on Saturday nights? Yes 2, No 5.



Breaking the No-Smoking Rule, and Propping Your Feet on the Desk Won't Make You an Executive. Most Likely the Habit Will Result in Cooling Off Those Feet in an Employment Agency.

Clock-Watchers Are Enemies to Success and to Themselves. It's a Tiresome Habit, Anyway; But Usually You Are Relieved of the Monotony by Being Fired.

Between You and Your Conscience.

1—If a superior asked you to report, confidentially, the shortcomings of your co-workers would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Refuse to do so? Yes 2.
Tell him? Yes 0.
Remind him that it is not fair to ask you? Yes 5.

2—Do you find that sometimes you are less pleasant to people who have inferior jobs? Yes 0, No 5.

3—Do you feel that you are getting a square deal? Yes 5, No 2.

4—Do you habitually leave your desk for coffee, cigarettes, personal phone calls and errands? Yes 2, No 5.

5—Are you completely satisfied with the quality of your work? Yes 2, No 5.

7—Is there plenty of room for improvement in your work? Yes 5, No 3.

8—Do you put off everything till the last minute? Yes 0, No 5.

9—If you had a contagious cold, yet felt well enough to work would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Come to work and take a chance you wouldn't give it to others? Yes 0.
Stay home and play safe? Yes 10.
Let your office decide the matter? Yes 20.

10—Do you use the company's time for your own personal correspondence? Yes 2, No 5.

11—Do you pay special heed to sign such as "No Smoking" or "No Talking?" Yes 5, No 2.

12—Are you capable of doing more than is assigned to you? Yes 5, No 2.

13—Do you turn in work feeling that it could have been done better? Yes 2, No 5.

14—Do you faithfully turn in all work assigned? Yes 5, No 0.

15—Do you believe that anyone else could do your work better? Yes 2, No 5.

16—Are you proud to sign your reports? Yes 5, No 2.

17—Do you honestly consider yourself an asset to the firm that employs you? Yes 5, No 2.

18—Do you feel that you should be earning more money in your job? Yes 2, No 5.

19—If you were engaged as an office worker and the first week you didn't get the kind of duties you liked, would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Complain to the boss? Yes 5.
Be glad for the opportunity to keep busy? Yes 10.
Understand that you are perhaps learning every phase of the business? Yes 20.
Resign? Yes 0.

Your Own Work.

1—Do you turn in your work on time? Yes 5, No 2.

2—Have you ever asked for more work to do? Yes 5, No 2.

3—Are you trying to improve your efficiency? Yes 5, No 2.

4—When you're in doubt do you:
(Answer one)
Go ahead and trust to luck without asking questions? Yes 0.
Take time off to get it right in the beginning? Yes 5.

5—Do you check all work before releasing it? Yes 5, No 2.

6—Do you verify names, numbers, addresses and prices? Yes 5, No 2.

7—Do you regard speed as more impressive than accuracy? Yes 5, No 2.

8—Do you offer new ideas, suggestions and improvements in your own work? Yes 5, No 2.

9—Could you do more work if you asked for it? Yes 5, No 2.

10—Are you a clock watcher? Yes 2, No 5.

11—If you are asked to stay late about once a fortnight, do you feel like a martyr? Yes 2, No 5.

12—Do you spend as much time improving your mind as you do your appearance? Yes 5, No 2.

13—Would you refuse additional responsibility without an immediate increase in pay? Yes 2, No 5.

14—Do you welcome distractions when you're doing a tough job? Yes 2, No 5.

15—Just to make a good impression do you offer to take on more work than you know you can possibly do? Yes 2, No 5.

16—Do you send in a badly typed report when you have had time to do it neatly? Yes 2, No 5.

17—Do you find that you're continually leaving the office with a lot of loose ends of NEARLY finished work? Yes 2, No 5.

18—Do you stay late occasionally to clean up your work without waiting for a supervisor to suggest it? Yes 5, No 2.

19—Do you trust details of your work entirely to your memory? Yes 2, No 5.

20—If you were starting a small business on very limited capital and needed one very good employe to fill a position similar to the one you are holding, would you select a person exactly like yourself with all your assets and liabilities? In other words—would you hire YOU? Would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Give yourself the position? Yes 20.
Prefer to have someone with more ability? Yes 10.
"Turn him down" altogether? Yes 15.
Be grateful that you could secure his services? Yes 15.
Take a chance and trust to luck? Yes 0.

The Head Man Always Catalogues as No Bargain the Fellow Who Brings Those Spots Before His Eyes to Work With Him, Plus the Sloppy Mien That Means He Didn't Sleep Last Night.

In Disgrace.

1—Are you late for work at least twice a month? Yes 2, No 5.

2—Have you been corrected more than once for the same mistake? Yes 2, No 5.

3—When you have been wrongly accused, did you:
Say that you had not made the mistake? Yes 5, No 2.
Name the guilty person? Yes 2, No 5.
Shoulder the blame because of friendship or a "noble feeling?" Yes 0, No 5.
Carry a chip on your shoulder for days because you were misjudged? Yes 2, No 5.

4—Do you have to do a job over at least once a week, because you did it wrong at first? Yes 5, No 2.

5—Have you ever revealed an office confidence to anyone not privileged to know? Yes 0, No 10.

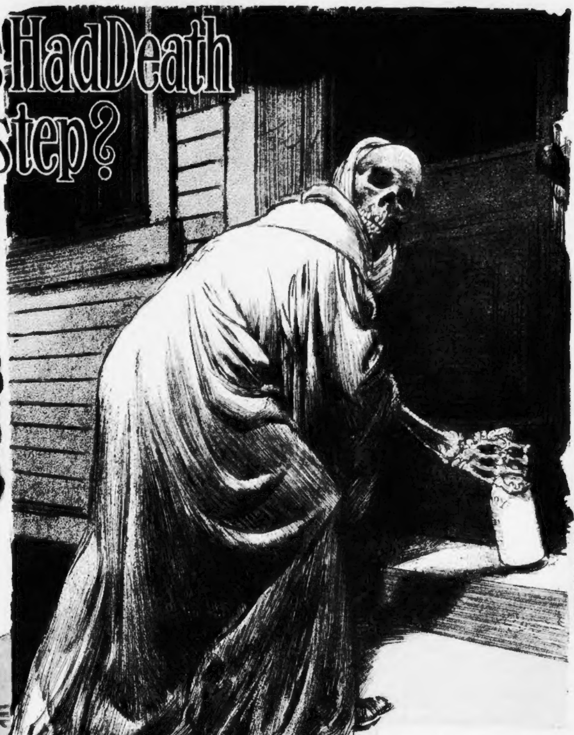
6—If you had made an error which would have no chance of being detected for a long time would you:
(Answer only one of these)
Say nothing at all on the chance that it would never be laid at your door, even though it might prove costly? Yes 0.
Confess it, so that it could be dealt with openly NOW? Yes 20.
If necessary, practice further deceit to cover it up? Yes 0.
Volunteer to pay for it if possible? Yes 0.

7—When reprimanded for a mistake partly your fault do you:
(Answer only one of these)
Pass the buck? Yes 0.
Shoulder all the blame? Yes 0.
Say it was not entirely your fault, without naming your partner in crime? Yes 10.

Why Gay Mr. Samples Had Death Delivered to His Doorstep?

The Memphis Police Had Almost Given Up Trying to Solve the Mystery of Who Poisoned the Romantic Bachelor's Breakfast Bottle of Milk When All of a Sudden It Seemed to Solve Itself

Mrs. Bertha Hamilton House Who, the Police Say, Sold the Romantic Bachelor a Washing Machine, Was Indicted by the Grand Jury on a Murder Charge.



Shortly After the Regular Milkman Made His Rounds at Dawn, Death Deposited the Poisoned Bottle on the Doorstep of the Quiet Bungalow on Driver Street and Started the Police on One of Their Most Puzzling Murder Hunts.

Suspicion Finally Centered on Louis Roy House, Wealthy Plantation Owner, Who Also Has Been Indicted on a First Degree Murder Charge.

The Modest Bungalow Where "Bachelor" Walter Samples (Right) Lived Alone, and Where Police Found, in His Bedroom, They Say, Pictures That Suggested Jealousy as the Motive for His Murder.

"MY THROAT is closing up," Walter Lewis Samples whispered painfully to a neighbor as he waited for a hastily-summoned ambulance, "if I can't talk when I reach the hospital, tell the authorities I was poisoned!"

His words proved prophetic ones, for a few hours later the wealthy, 69-year-old real estate owner was dead and the police of Memphis, Tennessee, were faced with as bizarre and baffling a mystery as that historic old city has ever known.

Mr. Samples probably hadn't the slightest inkling of the fate that awaited him as, early one morning last February, he stepped out to the front porch of the modest bungalow on Driver Street where he lived, to all appearances at least, a quiet, sober, almost hermit-like existence.

Looking down, he noticed a bottle of milk on the step.

Mildly surprised, for he had ordered none, Mr. Samples picked up the bottle and walked across the lawn to inquire of the people next door if their milk had been left him by mistake. Informed it did not belong to them he returned, a trifle puzzled, and placed the bottle in his refrigerator.

Some time later the elderly man drank a glass of the milk and the following morning had more with his cereal. In an hour or so he was seized with spasmodic pains in his stomach which became so intense he summoned the neighbor to whom he voiced his ominous prediction.

An ambulance rushed him to Veterans Hospital but it was too late. Mr. Samples died, apparently without revealing any further clue.

An autopsy was ordered and the bottle, still with some milk remaining, turned over to the city chemist for analysis while detectives under Chief Inspector M. A. Hinds and Lieut. Wilbur Miller of the Homicide Bureau began a painstaking investigation.

Inquiry brought to light the fact that Walter Samples was something of a mystery.

To his neighbors he was always pleasant and courteous enough, but he kept his affairs to himself. They saw him come and go, exchanged the time of day with him and brief comments on the state of the weather. They knew he was a Spanish-American War veteran who drew a pension from the Veterans Administration, retirement pay from 15 years' employment with the United States Engineers, and received an income from the rental of residential property he owned. They had also heard he kept large sums of money about the house.

But when it came right down to it they knew practically nothing about any of the intimate details of his private life.

After a careful check of the bungalow, Daniel R. Samples, who had hurried to Memphis from his home in Nowata, Oklahoma, upon word of his brother's death, revealed that no cache of money could be found. Nor was there any trace of a will. Furthermore, Walter Lewis Samples' bank account showed a balance of only approximately $300. Singularly this was in the name of "Walter L. Samples, Trustee," although search of court records failed to indicate that he had ever been named "trustee" for anybody.

None of this was considered particularly significant until the city chemist reported that his tests had shown poison in the contents of the milk bottle; and analysis of the dead man's stomach at the University of Tennessee Medical College revealed the presence of the same kind of poison.

Who then placed the poisoned milk on Mr. Samples' doorstep, and why?

Detectives quickly ascertained that the milkman did not stop to make a delivery except when he noticed an empty bottle on the porch of a regular customer. And there was no bottle on Mr. Samples' step as he passed that morning about dawn, he stated. Someone possibly watched him pass, the police theorized, then left the poisoned bottle there in what must have been almost broad daylight.

"My brother was murdered for purposes of robbery," Daniel Samples asserted. "The motive undoubtedly was greed for money!"

The investigation took an entirely different turn, however, when it was learned that police had seized photographs of a number of attractive women found in the dead man's bedroom and among his personal effects, and begun a quiet census of his feminine acquaintances.

Daniel Samples then revealed that the poison victim was not a bachelor, a fact known only to a few intimate friends.

"My brother was married about 40 years ago," he stated. "He and his wife separated and later there was a divorce. She died 25 years ago."

Detectives delved more deeply into Walter Samples' nocturnal social activities and learned that he was far from the quiet, sober, home-loving hermit he had seemed to his neighbors. To the contrary, the poison victim appeared to have been something of a gay, if elderly, Lothario; perhaps even a bit of a gentlemanly philanderer; and quite a Beau Brummell among the women—some young, some mature, some grass widows, some married and some otherwise.

The aging Romeo's trail is said to have led them through convivial gatherings where he dropped his customary cloak of austerity and became the veritable life of the party, through scenes of hilarity at suburban dance halls and roadside inns. A sparkling conversationalist away from his home territory, he never lacked dinner invitations according to one informant.

The police moved cautiously but persistently on the theory that jealousy was the motive behind the old man's strange death.

As the weeks passed, over 150 people were questioned at headquarters, many of them heavily veiled women. One mystery figure was grilled behind closed doors for over six hours.

Detectives under Hinds and Miller checked leads developed during this long series of questioning, pieced together bits of evidence, doggedly continued the process of elimination.

This took over a month of painstaking effort then, to everyone's surprise, Mr. Louis Roy House, former Memphis trucking executive, and his attractive young wife, Bertha Hamilton House, were placed under arrest by police officers as they drove in their car along Riverside Drive.

After hours of continuous grilling Chief Inspector Hinds announced that the case of the poisoned milk bottle had finally resulted in the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. House following a lengthy statement by Mr. House.

Arraigned on the murder charge, Roy House pleaded not guilty but was held for action by the Shelby County Grand Jury.

At the same time, Mrs. House was bound over as a material witness.

The case's most ironic factor came to light when Daniel Samples revealed that his brother would probably have been alive today if he had not had a cold the morning he stepped out on his front porch and found the deadly milk bottle on his doorstep.

"Walter was always very fussy about his food," Daniel said. "But he had a cold that day and had dosed himself with quinine. He complained he couldn't taste a thing. Had he been well I'm sure he would have smelled the poison in that milk and would never in the world have touched it."

According to published reports from the police, Mr. House had been jealous of Mr. Samples' attentions to his wife.

"Walter Samples was a lamb by day and a wolf by night," Inspector Hinds commented.

Whatever was the motive behind the murder, the county Grand Jury, upon the evidence presented to them by the police and the State's Attorney, indicted both Mr. and Mrs. House on the charge of first degree murder. They were ordered to be held without bond.

Despite the police's published allegation that a statement had been made by the husband, Mrs. House declared, after learning of the indictment:

"We're both innocent."

And, asked if he was surprised to learn that his wife had also been indicted as a principal after having first been arrested as a material witness only, House replied:

"I'm not ready to commit myself on that."

The financial affairs of the couple are figuring in the investigation. Last October Mr. House purchased a local show place, the 1300-acre Green Pastures Plantation near Columbus, Mississippi. It was at first reported that this had been bought for $45,000 in cash, but now the police say that a comparatively small down payment was made and that House is not as wealthy as he had been supposed to be; that, indeed, there are difficulties about the installments due on Green Pastures.

A few days after the arrest, another curious twist was given the already much tangled case when State's Attorney William Gerber announced that Mrs. Bertha Hamilton House was named sole beneficiary in a will left by Samples and found in her possession.

"Our investigation discloses," Mr. Gerber said, "that W. L. Samples some time before his death, executed a will under which he bequeathed all his real and personal property to Mrs. House. The will was found in her possession several days after she was arrested."

Commenting upon this, Daniel Samples, appointed administrator of his brother's estate by court order, remarked:

"There was no evidence in my brother's papers that Mrs. House would be named sole heir. In fact, his papers indicated she would be the most unlikely person to get part of his estate. But we have searched every place for a will and for cash and securities, without success."

In addition to the $300 bank account, Mr. Samples' estate, according to the latest reports, consisted of his modest residence on Driver Street, two duplex houses, some farm land and $1,000 in insurance. The estate was admitted to probate shortly after his death and his brother was named administrator. The value was given as "less than $10,000."

Mrs. House was an agent for a washing machine when she first met Mr. Samples away back in 1925, and he then purchased a machine from her.

Commissioner Boyle said that detectives working on the financial records of the House business affairs are trying to determine whether a certain sum of $7,600 could have been paid Mr. Samples by Mrs. House without her husband knowing it. Mrs. House kept the books for the family's affairs and has been quoted as saying she used some of the money to give to the poison victim.

Mr. House, according to the investigating officers, told them that he had not known of these transactions.

This latter statement did not seem particularly pertinent, especially when Mr. Samples, who had supplied the information about the washing machine meeting, said he believed his brother had assisted Mrs. House financially, although denying their relationship was anything but a business one as far as he knew.

After his grilling by the police which, according to them, resulted in important revelations which they brought before the Grand Jury, House was led into the corridor and came face to face with his wife. Dragging the officer to whom he was handcuffed, he rushed to her, and there seemed to be no enmity between them as she flung her arms about his neck.

Nor does the opinion of many of the neighbors seem to justify the idea that Samples was a Lothario. The women especially discounted police statements of many feminine visitors to Samples' home. They dismissed this angle with their conviction that if the bachelor had been a Don Juan, someone in the neighborhood would certainly have had some sort of intimation or knowledge of it.

Said one of them:

"I was with the police when they inspected Mr. Samples' personal belongings. I saw the pictures they found which were described as being photos of beautiful women. They were nothing but pictures taken many years ago, and one of the policeman remarked, 'Gosh, these are old-timers, aren't they?'

"No, I don't know whose pictures they were, whether they were of relatives of Mr. Samples or not. But they certainly weren't pictures of beautiful women."

"We can see into his house mighty easily from our yard," said another. 'If women had been hanging around the Samples home some of us would have seen them, I never saw any nor heard any of my neighbors say they did.

"Nevertheless, somebody poisoned that milk and Mr. Sample drank it and died. And that is murder."

Mr. and Mrs. House are facing trial, and it will be up to the jury of twelve good men and true to decide whether they were really the ones who placed that bottle on Walter Samples' doorstep — and if they did, then why.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Fatal Gift

by Katharine Newlin Burt

"I Know the Real Reason You Hate Me," Cried Lucy, Striking the Desk With One Palm, "I've Always Known It. I Believe, If You Dared, Aunt Judith, You Would Throw Acid in My Face."

"I WON'T go up with you. Aunt Judith loathes me," said lovely Lucy Grange to her stepmother, Linnie Grange, as she took her to call on her great-aunts, the Misses Judith and Lu Grange. Linnie had just returned with Lucy's father, Ralph, from their honeymoon. Coming to his charming home near Philadelphia she had been warmly welcomed by Lucy, but jealously contrasted her extraordinary beauty with the plainer looks of her own daughter, Jackie Seymour.

She saw at once that the household worshiped Lucy and she heard, too, that young people of Lucy's own age regarded her surpassing loveliness with awe. Reflecting on this, she found some comfort in the fact that Jackie, who was coming to live with her, was at least popular with the boys.

The third morning after their homecoming Ralph suggested the visit to the aunts, and it was then that Lucy told Linnie of Judith's strange dislike. Aunt Lu, who adored her, met them, and Lucy remained in the hall downstairs while Linnie was presented to Judith, whom she found in a high four-poster bed. "I'm glad Ralph has brought you to us," Judith said. "You have a grown girl of your own, he says. Now, tell me what you think of that stepdaughter."

"My own daughter is no beauty," replied Linnie, "but I'd be ashamed not to be very fond of Lucy."

"So you're jealous of that child," cried Judith. Linnie flushed as Judith called Lucy an imbecile and expressed a desire to meet Jackie.

At this point, to Judith's amazement, Dr. Henry Treyne, a young nerve specialist, burst into the room. He had been sent for by mistake. He was summarily dismissed and saw Lucy in the downstairs hall. "Are you married?" he asked. "No," she replied. "Why not?" he insisted. "No sensible person has ever asked me."

"I see," he remarked, tilting up her chin with a forefinger and looking impersonally into her eyes. "Poor kid," he said and went away in his car, leaving Lucy amused and a trifle pale.

Soon after this episode Jackie arrived at her new home and confided to Linnie she had never seen anyone as beautiful as Lucy. She recognized at once that Linnie was jealous of her stepdaughter on her account, but she declared she and Lucy would be good friends and enthused about a young man she called Peter whom she'd seen at a house-party. Watching her face, Linnie said to herself. "This is going to be serious—this Peter thing."

Jackie asked gaily. "Am I to be, well—more like a guest or a daughter of the house?"

(And Now Go on with the Story)

II.

WHEN, fifteen minutes after breakfast, Ralph left for his office, kissing Linnie, smiling at the girls, tucking the newspaper under his arm, the house settled down to its woman's day. The atmosphere subtly changed, became at once more bustling and more serene, as though affairs of importance could now be undertaken in the spirit of freedom from supervision or from subservience to masculine prejudice.

Linnie went into her small downstairs morning room. Jackie gathered together letters and magazines and wandered to a sunny corner—later they reached each other for confidences and plans. For Lucy there were the flowers, a visit to Aunt Lu...a dozen pleasant occupations. But for Lucy, nevertheless, the days were changed.

She had always been, after Ralph's departure, the undisputed head of the house. To her the servants had come for orders and with all the kitchen, pantry and garden small talk. They still wanted to come, she saw it in their eyes...but sternly she avoided these reproachful, pitying, beseechful looks and directed them. "You must ask Mrs. Grange about that, John. Mrs. Grange will tell you what she wants now, Ellen."

And there came, too soon, a morning when Lucy hung slowfoot, on her doubtful way upstairs, reached, thus hesitant, the first landing, took the last flight on a rush, skimmed the passage to Linnie's bedroom door.

She had her fingers on the knob when panic overtook her. Pulling back the hand of enterprise, she grasped instead a lock of her hair, and stood back against the wall, biting at that falling bronze and rubbing the sole of a sneaker against the ankle of the other leg. Thus posed in her dress of checked gingham in a pinafore design she looked for all her height and beauty a very little girl.

Staring at that closed door, she was remembering the time when, a very little girl indeed, she had had to stand on tiptoe to reach the knob. Every inch of that door, every nail and board and crack and stain, she knew as a bird knows its nesting branch, a cub the entrance to its mother's cave.

And how many different things in a person's life, thought Lucy...unconsciously refuting Dr. Henry Treyne's diagnosis as to her healthy animal's immunity to thought...a door can be: an entrance into safety and peace, an avenue for escape, a barrier between minds and hearts.

This door, thought Lucy, lovely, wistful, hesitant, used to be the gate to heaven when my mother was alive, the entrance to comfort and reassurance before father married again. But now, it scares me. I don't know what's behind it.

Voices. Quick, pattering feminine voices: Linnie and Jackie at their confidences. Were they her friends or her enemies? How did they feel toward her? If only, once and for all, she could reassure them as to her complete docility, be certain of their acceptance of herself! For there was a threat of conflict in the house. Sensitive to it, before anyone else could be, Lucy stood already in the shadow that runs ahead of storm.

BEHIND a veil of bright friendliness, the household, only a month after Ralph's return with his bride, was divided against itself. And because of the first rift in that veil, Lucy had come this morning as far as the enigmatic door, to make her offering, her prompt and sufficient sacrifice for sin.

But she had not really been to blame. A pricking in her eyes and throat set her to swallowing and blinking. It was not her fault that John and Eric and Mary and Sally and the cook should be such fanatic worshipers. Their minds were full of Old Wives' Tales, the wicked stepmother, the cruel stepsister, of Cinderella, Graciosa, Snow White and the Witch.

What had happened this morning at breakfast time was just the first visible evidence of a state of mind...or of heart, which Lucy had recognized from the very instant when, half in sorrow, half in joy, she had told these ancient friends and idolaters of hers that there was to be a new mistress in the house.

Then, old Sally had taken her "Beauty" into her arms and wept. Lucy had hoped that the feeling would gradually change or at least that Linnie would never become aware of it. This morning's incident had destroyed at once that reassuring hope.

It was the mail. It was Jackie's mail. No girl, really, Lucy told herself, rueful and humorous, should have a mail like that...like a movie star's...not at such a sensitive and critical moment, at any rate, in her mother's life, in the life of her stepsister. Not when that stepsister gets practically no mail at all, except an advertisement or...or a queer note like the unexpected one from Henry Treyne.

This now, rather as though it had been a lollipop, Lucy drew out of the pocket of her "pinafore." It had come that morning. She had been reading it. It had kept her, in fact, for an instant from the realization of dramatic small events.

"Dear Lucy Grange," the odd young man had written. Lucy decided it wasn't fresh for him not to use the Miss. He wants to show me that he doesn't care for stupid conventions, that he is interested only in the real person: "I am afraid you will think me an outrageous intruder into privacy. I've already earned that reputation in your great-aunts' house. But at the risk of startling you into a premanent brunette I am going to lay myself open to a second snub.

"I am very much interested in you and I would be enormously grateful if you would let me experiment with you. I don't mean psychoanalyze you in the Freudian sense, for I don't usually hold with that method—and naturally my treatments would be free. I mean simply to diagnose and to clarify for you a condition which I believe may bring you unnecessary trouble and unhappiness. You think you are happy now and safe, but there is always a bad fairy at every christening and it's our job...the nerve-doctors...to save young royalty from the effect of the one bad gift.

"I want humbly and honestly to do you a good service and myself a better one. If you would just drop into my office some afternoon between two and five when you've nothing better to do, I could explain myself to you and you could decide whether you would care to make use of my knowledge, my method and my will to help. I am, of course, in all this, entirely professional. Hoping we may be of mutual service, I am,

Scientifically yours,
HENRY TREYNE.

"P. S.—Please remember that my uncle was closely associated with your family and that, in a way, I narrowly missed being a great first cousin of yours. If you think I should call upon your father and stepmother first, please command me. But all that palaver is not at all to my taste. I'm after you as a case and you only."

This communication was sufficiently absorbing to hold Lucy's astonishment and amused attention from John's ritual of distributing the morning's mail. She had already noticed the extra flourish with which he laid down two envelopes beside her plate. Next, it was Linnie's voice, "Only one letter, Jackie?" and, to John, "Did you bring in all of Miss Jackie's mail?"

"No, madam. I left the most of it, being, as it looked not important, on the hall table."

THAT sour note in John's precise English voice drew up Lucy's eyes, laughter still beautiful therein, and she saw the deepening of Linnie's color, the tightness of her slim red mouth. Jackie was absorbed, her face in a warm, secret glow.

"But, John," said Linnie in a light voice of would-be amusement, "it's not for you to decide on what is important and what is not. Please bring in the rest of the letters now."

Ralph's head was up, a pucker of worry in his brow. Jackie came to with a start.

"Oh, bother the rest of the mail. I'll get it later. I don't care, John, how many you don't bring when you're such a good picker of what you do."

For once, that charming smile failed of its effect and dropped from John's face like a dart from the surface of hard rubber.

Linnie was now violently flushed, rigidly controlled. Ralph rose.

"Train time," he said.

Out in the hall where Linnie as usual followed him, Lucy could hear her father's murmur, "Anything wrong?" and the light, nervous, too-audible reply, "Nothing important. It's only those silly, jealous servants of yours. Don't bother yourself, Ralph..." and then the front door closed. They had gone out together into the porch.

"Peter Wayne has landed his job," Jackie said to the world at large as a bird sings to any audience or none, "in the aeroplane factory, the one he wanted most. And he says he's coming to see me." Her song directed itself toward Lucy. "You'll love Peter," she said in a closing chord.

"Will I?" said Lucy, absent and serious.

"I'll get the rest of the letters and go on up to muv's room. Will you tell her, Lucy, when she comes back?"

But Linnie did not come back. Her second cup of coffee remained unfinished, the paper lay rumpled beside her plate. No sooner had the town-faring motor hummed itself away than the front door snapped open and then snapped quickly shut and Linnie ran immediately

(Continued on Page 15)

Actor Guitry's Newest Dilemma, More Dramatic Than His Plays

Difficulties of Paris' Theatre Genius With Four Wives Were Bad Enough, Then the Nazis Made Wife No. 1 His Boss; When He Tried to Be Friends With the Germans His Public Rebelled, Whispered He Was Non-Aryan and Now, With Other Celebrities, He May Have to Flee France

Even With His Imagination, Sacha May Never Have Conceived the Dramatic Situation of Having Tried to Be Friends With Patriots and Invaders, Only to Have the Patriots Start a Whispering Campaign About Him and the Invaders Angry at Him Because They Believed the Whispers.

"TO BE, or not to be (a Quisling): that is the question." Since the German occupation of Paris every important actor, actress, playwright and director has been forced to answer that agonizing question. There are only two answers and both are wrong, as Sacha Guitry is among the latest to discover.

M. Guitry, besides being a great actor, is France's greatest living playwright and director, so great that he once scorned a million-dollar proposition from Hollywood. He is so incredibly great that some time before the war the ever-mysterious French Government exempted his huge income from taxation.

Now the great Guitry has decided to dodge the dilemma by getting away from it all to the United States, away from his French public, his German public and at least three of his four wives. He cannot leave occupied France, however, without the official consent of his first wife, Charlotte Lyses, who was appointed by the German invaders as their Gauleiter in charge of all French theatre people in general, and her ex-husband, in particular.

This is a situation more complicated and dramatic than any M. Guitry ever invented in his plays, and all four wives, being actresses, would jump at the chance of playing in his dramatization of it.

Under normal circumstances this would involve co-starring the four women and writing four parts, all precisely the same length and prominence, to say nothing of keeping the peace among them all, both on stage and backstage.

Just now he would not have to worry about that delicate matter at all. His first wife, as theatrical Gauleiter, would be the one and only star, without any argument, while the other three would play such roles as she chose to give them, and like it—or else!

Troubled and Beleaguered Sacha Guitry, Who May Have to Desert His Beloved Paris.

But there is another problem which even Shakespeare could not have solved, how to end the play. Like his present life in Paris, this question has only two answers, both wrong. If he ends the play with Britain winning, and liberating France, the Germans will stop it or rather not let it open. If he ends it the other way, with a Nazi triumph, all the Germans in the army of occupation will attend to applaud. But this could at best be called one of those "artistic successes" because German theatre-goers are all "deadheads" whose uniforms are their free passes. The French, unfortunately being the only cash customers, would call him a "quisling" and most of them stay away.

When the Nazis overrun a country, they feel it advisable to induce at least one or two natives as prominent as possible to tell the world how grateful they are to the invaders for saving them from themselves. One of the first personages to utter these hollow sounds was Vidkun Quisling of Norway.

All over Europe today anyone who works for the Nazis against his own country is called a "quisling." The Yugoslavs, after overthrowing their pro-Nazi government, went around hunting for "quislings."

Guitry was no quisling, and when he saw that Paris was about to fall, escaped to what was to become unoccupied France. There he hid, ready, if necessary to cross the Atlantic. He was further convinced that this was the wise thing when he heard on the radio the old but not forgotten voice of his first wife, thanking the German soldiers for not even stepping on the grass or flower beds of Paris when they could just as well have bombed the undefended city.

This was perfectly true because they had strict orders not to injure anything because possibly it might be taken to Germany. Charlotte went on to let it be known that, under the benign influence of these kindly Germans, she had been placed in charge of stage and screen interests, in order to bring in a happier era for everyone. The playwright was glad he had escaped this "happy era" which would be bad enough without subjection to a woman he had discarded.

But Sacha had not escaped entirely. Running away from the invaders is a serious offense because it gives the impression that the runaway does not like them. One of the punishments is to confiscate all the property of the fugitive and this one's great wealth was nearly all in Paris.

As he was wondering what to do about that, a letter from Charlotte found its way to his hiding place. The letter informed him that if he would return to Paris, she would be able to protect him, he could reopen his Theatre de la Madeleine and all would be well. If he failed to return then everything he had in Paris would be confiscated.

Guitry's work, as well as his wealth and his heart, were there, too. After all, his first wife was no doubt obeying orders and would hardly be permitted to treat France's greatest living dramatist too shabbily. He decided to take a chance, bringing with him his latest and youngest wife, Genevieve de Serreville.

Lillian Harvey, Stage and Screen Actress, Who Was Reported to Be Another Storm Center in the Paris Theatrical World and Ready to Leave France.

Calling upon Charlotte at her office, he saw at once that he had stepped into a trap. She was trembling with the rage of a woman scorned and suppressed for a quarter of a century and her no longer beautiful countenance registered the cruelty of a Borgia.

She let him know that all those years she had been waiting for this moment of vengeance. Now he was in her power and so were the other wives except Jacqueline Delubac, the third one, who would shortly be rounded up for her by the Gestapo. And then—she left the sentence unfinished but he got the impression that if Charlotte merely had them all boiled in oil, they would be getting off easy.

Sacha returned to his Paris apartment and to Genevieve, wishing to heaven that he had kept right on fleeing while the fleeing was still good, for now they were both surely doomed. But things did not work out that way at all. Charlotte's towering wrath proved to be a sort of stage fury, which is satisfied by a dramatic scene, resounding words, blank cartridges or a rubber dagger.

Now that she had the man at her mercy, she really did not want to hurt him or any of his three later wives. Her revenge simmered down to making him take her to every public occasion, dine out with her every night and be twice as attentive as when he wooed her and really meant it. His first one had been a whirlwind, a tornado courtship.

The law required a 15-day lapse between applying for the certificate and the performance of the ceremony but it permitted an exception in the case of a deathbed marriage. If one of the parties was dying, the mayor of the town could marry them forthwith. The kindly mayor was called to a darkened hotel room where lay Guitry on the bed, with a corpse-like make-up, breathing stertorously.

Jacqueline Delubac, Mr. Guitry's Third Wife, Whom Boss Charlotte Could Not Govern Because She Could Not Find Her.

The mayor did not stop to ask for the doctor's certificate, but with tears streaming down his face rushed through the ceremony before it might be too late.

Suddenly the near-corpse sat up in bed with a beaming smile, produced a bottle of champagne and offered the mayor a drink. He needed one. Charlotte could never think of that scene without a smile and a warm feeling about her mistreated heart. After all, he had been more or less true to her for nine years, which is a tribute in a theatrical atmosphere.

The woman who took him away from her was Yvonne Printemps, universally regarded as possessor of the most perfect pair of legs in Europe. Charlotte, though beautiful too, was more on the mental plane. It was not entirely surprising that after nearly a decade he should wish a change to an opposite type. The next two who "stole" his affections were really taking something which was no longer in her custody.

It was vengeance enough to let the wives and all the rest of Paris know that she who had him at her feet when he was young and unknown, now had him there again, after he was at his peak. As long as she was making the elderly Sacha Guitry play the part of ardent admirer, she wished him to be again the outstanding figure of the stage and screen.

Charlotte Lyses, Mrs. Guitry No. 1, Who Bossed Sacha With Nazi Sanction, Into His Worst Difficulties.

Therefore she reinstated him in the good graces of the Nazis. The first and all-important step in this rehabilitation, was to purge him of the charge of non-Aryanism. Anyone who flees from, opposes or otherwise displeases the Nazis is non-Aryan until proved "innocent."

Early in Hitler's career he told the world that the only races worthy of survival were the Aryans, which included the Germans and a few others. Though neither the Germans nor any other nation is a pure race, ethnologists had an idea they knew what Hitler had in mind until they got to the Japanese. At first Hitler classed the Japs as non-Aryan and so inferior they had no right to govern themselves. Later when the Fuehrer needed these same people to hold up the Eastern end of the Axis, they reminded him of it. Quickly, Adolf's synthetic scientists discovered they had made a mistake.

To prevent such a thing happening to him, Sacha presented evidence to the German Geneological Bureau at Paris proving that his grandfathers on both sides were Aryans, whatever that may mean. For many months he swaggered around, the cock of the theatrical walk, in favor with Germans and French alike.

Then something happened.

Possibly he became less attentive to Charlotte or he may have spoken a careless word, within earshot of a Gestapo agent. Some believe that the French grew suspicious of his good standing with their enemies and framed him. Anyhow he noticed a chilliness toward him by both conquerors and conquered.

The climax came the other day when "France au Travail," a newspaper, like the others of occupied France, completely controlled by Nazi censorship, printed an article asserting the general suspicion that Guitry is not of "pure Aryan blood." This put the great dramatist on the spot. If the vague, but dreadful charge was permitted to go unchallenged, his German public would believe it and without the favor of these all-powerful dead-heads, no artist in occupied France can hope to earn more than the barest subsistence.

Yet, if he openly denied the accusation it was almost equally certain that his cash-customer French public would be resentful. All over invaded Europe the man in the streets has a name for "Aryan." To him it means "pro-German," and his remarks on ancestry are more pungent than scientific. Unhappy Sacha knew that either move was wrong but tried to choose the lesser evil, perhaps advised or commanded by his superior officer friend ex-wife.

He elected to threaten suit for damages against the paper, with the result that a retraction was made to the extent of saying that the article was merely the echo of a whispering campaign which the public was urged to stop.

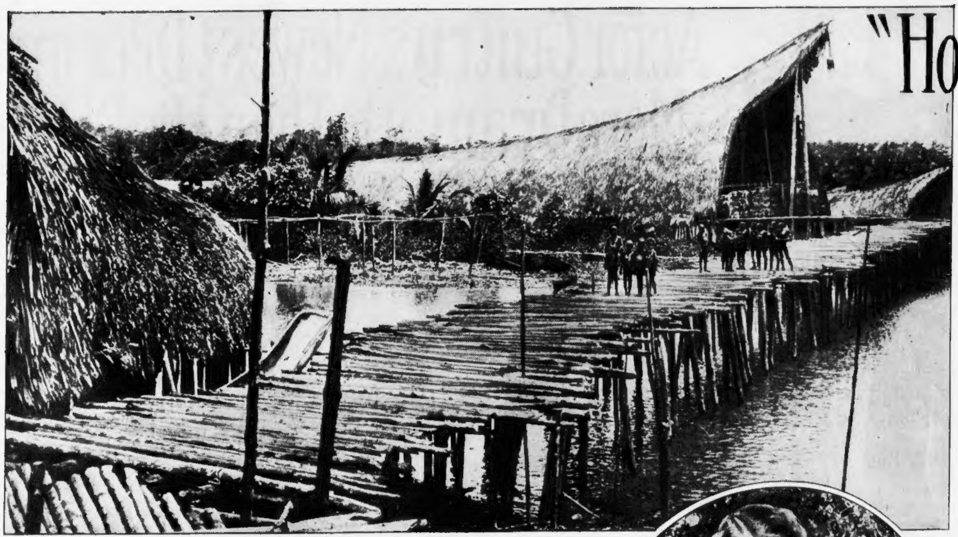
Instead of picking the lesser of the two evils, M. Guitry found he had picked both. The Germans, possibly resenting his boldness in threatening a German-inspired paper, grew colder and colder. If this continued, he might expect the geneological bureau to resurvey his ancestry and declare him an Eskimo or Hottentot. Logically this should have made the French warmer but they decided to be illogical and Sacha found the temperature of Paris dangerously chilly.

Charlotte felt it through her warmest mink coat and no longer desired Guitry's public devotion. The playwright now reverted to his first idea of going away from there while the going was good, and is now headed for the United States, evidently with Charlotte's invisible visa on his passport.

Other French artists, poised at Lisbon ready to fly the Atlantic, are Lillian Harvey, one of Europe's leading film stars and Louis Jouvet, director—to say nothing of many stars of the Opera Comique and the Comedie Francaise. For all have found it impossible to please Paris and appease Berlin.

"How the Cannib
Saved Me Fro
Wife-Trading

When the Papuan Headh to Swap Seven Pigs to Explc Wind for His Wife, the Woman the Tribe Ever Saw Bossy Women of New Gu the Rescue, and Mrs. Wi How the Savage Warriors to Go to Work for Her Hunting Pretty Butt



The Clubhouse, or Men's Community House, Which No Papuan Woman Enters. It Was Here, However, That the Council, Given Its Orders by the Women of the Tribe, Decided to Discourage the Wife-Trading Chief in His Attempts to Add Mrs. Wind to His Family.

By MRS. CLO WIND,

Who Accompanied Her Husband, Robert G. Wind, the Eminent Entomologist, on His Collecting Expedition to Papua.

CHASING butterflies sounds like the mildest and safest of small-game sports. But my husband and I can testify that this is not so when the chasing is done in such places as Papua, where cannibalism is still considered a good idea and "white meat" a rare delicacy; or on Prince of Wales Island where Robert, with his eye on a butterfly, stepped on the nose of a sleeping crocodile.

This is not done by the natives. Anyone who steps on a crocodile has just one guess. Mr. Wind happened to guess right and therefore I am not a widow. I have been assured that I won the highest beauty prize of all time in Papua, which is also called New Guinea and is one of the largest, though one of the least known islands in the world, but I did not appreciate the honor at the moment because certain unpleasant strings were attached to it.

Anyone will realize that most all the butterflies and other insects to be found in parks and other safely-guarded civilized areas have long since been studied and pinned in moth-proof cases. For an entomologist like my husband to bag anything really new and important, it is necessary to invade strange places, some of them where no white man has ever trod before, except in armed expeditions.

I like to go with him partly because I am his wife but mostly, I guess, because I have inherited some of the pioneer blood of my ancestors. One of these was Thomas Mifflin, soldier, politician and a signer of the Constitution. Recently we returned to our home in Berkeley, California, from two and a half years in the South Pacific Islands, with new specimens for Robert's collection of nearly half a million, and some hair-raising experiences which we are not likely to forget.

Before plunging into the depths of the Papuan jungle we had been assured that the headhunters had become sufficiently accustomed to the occasional visits of white men to bother us very little as long as we took away only insects of which they had more than they wished. This proved correct for a few days and then without warning I suddenly became a sensation.

Natives of high and low degree came from far and wide to stare at me pop-eyed, and jabber with what seemed to be almost consternation. I was still wearing a shirt and shorts, the same as my husband. What on earth had I done?

Of course a woman likes to be noticed, but this was too much of a good thing. It was overwhelming. They marched in front, behind and on both sides, when we went hunting, scaring away our prey. They camped all day in front of our hut and peered in the window at me at all hours of the day and night.

After a while our mess boy, a native from the coast who understood some of this local dialect, explained the mystery. It was based on something which I don't think even the Dutch traders and explorers realized.

The tribes of this locality had formed the opinion that all white men were Dutch. This was a natural and unimportant error, but it seems that they also believed, because they had never seen any others, that the white race was composed entirely of males. This is no more fantastic than the legends of Amazons, nations composed wholly of women. Nor was this error of practical importance until I arrived.

For several days they had taken me for a young white man. How the discovery was made, we do not know but suspect that the mess boy revealed the secret. Here was a female of the white species, a rare and unheard of specimen. We might have known that one of these headhunters would want to collect me, head and all. However, at the time, we hoped I would be only a nine-day-wonder, after which they would go about their business, if they have any. But we were wrong.

To a Papuan Chief, Who Thinks It Would Be a Good Idea to Own a White Wife, Pigs Are Deemed a Satisfactory Exchange, For to the Natives, Pigs Is Pigs, But Also the Equivalent of Good Hard Cash.

Mrs. Wind, Happy After Her "Rescue" by the Native Wives, Was Photographed Petting, of All Things, a Spiny Anteater.

Copyright, 1941, by R. G. Wind, Berkeley, Calif.

ONE day, half a dozen chiefs arrived at once, each with his entourage of spearmen, more than enough for the chorus of a musical comedy. The six dignitaries not only stared and jabbered but occasionally would question our mess boy, who thought one query sufficiently important to refer to me.

The chiefs wished to know if there were many other white women or if I was the only one in the world. In order to minimize their interest in me, I told him to say that the world was full of white women, many more than white men. It seemed like the right answer at first but it was not. Upon hearing this the chiefs looked at each other significantly and departed.

For the next three days we enjoyed comparative privacy.

Then back came one of the chieftains, whom we remembered as the dirtiest-looking of the lot. Besides his hair, braided with grass, he wore the heaviest necklaces of beads and pig teeth, indicating that he was the richest of the lot. Other details were nose-plugs made of the sharp claws of the cassowary and a body decorated by geometric patterns. Important Papuans improve their leisure hours, which are nearly all the hours they live, by cutting gashes in their skin and filling the wounds with clay. The clay insures a wide and startling scar, making them look as if they had spent most of their lives on the operating table.

We noticed that the chief's followers were bearing a fine fat pig. My husband went out to greet his visitor and prepared to buy the pig, not that we wanted pork on the hoof, but because it would probably be a diplomatic thing to do. The chief pointed at me in the window, posed magnificently and went into a long speech to Robert who could only catch an occasional word.

Later we learned something of what he had said. After a long preamble of polite compliments he got down to business, somewhat as follows:

"The mighty white butterfly hunter has brought with him one of his white wives. We have been told that in his country white women are plentiful and therefore of negligible value. Nevertheless she is the first we have ever seen and so my brother chiefs and I all wanted to add her to our households of wives.

"Since only one of us can have her, I and my brother chieftains have debated the matter for several days. It was finally decided that I, the bravest and richest of all, am to have her. Anyone will tell you that no woman in Papua is worth such a fine pig as this and since there is no lack of wives in your country, this one you have is worth no more. However, because I am rich and generous I bring you the finest pig in all Papua. Look!"

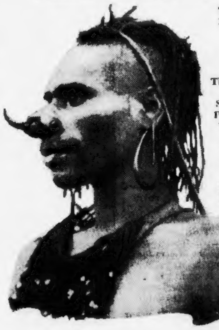
The pig was brought forward and quite likely the chieftain's boast was true. It was a swell pig. The chief's eyes glowed with pardonable pride for was he not making a princely offer? And no doubt he expected a long return speech of gratitude from my husband. By this time Robert had grasped the idea that his caller wanted to buy me for one fine pig.

He could neither explain nor argue in the chief's dialect but he knew how to say no, and did so by extending his arms with both palms downward.

The chief was taken aback. The white man was not accepting his generosity in the right spirit. So the gentleman who wanted to marry me made another long speech calling attention to the fine points of the pig.

Again my husband made the great refusal and

Tribal Warriors Decorated on and Other



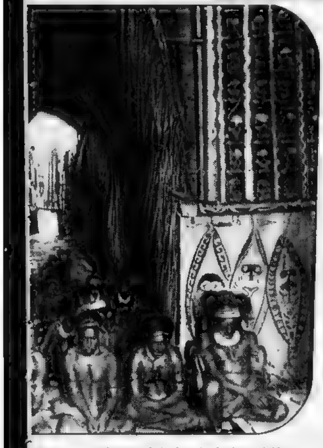
The Dude of the Colony. Snapshot of a Papuan Dandy Wearing His Prized Cassowary-Claw Nose-Plug.

Copyright, 1941, by R. G. Wind, Berkeley, Calif.

als' Wives nTheir Chief"

er Wanted er Robert G. First White he Shrewish, ea Went to Tells Here Vere Forced — (Whoops!) rflies

"The Persistent Chief Returned With the Same Prize Pig and 6 More, Almost as Fat. I Sensed the Danger of the Situation Immediately. He Had Sold or Traded His Entire Stock of Worldly Goods in Return for the Extra Pigs—All to Make Sure He Had the Proper Amount of Wealth to Buy Me From My Husband."



Posed for a Photograph in Front of Their Clubhouse, sides of Its Entrance With Skulls of Their Enemies ns Who Had Once Been on Their Festive Menu

chief made another sales talk. This kept up l finally Robert added to the palms-down ges- his best scowl. At this the entire party, with pig, went away scowling and muttering. As he ppeared into the jungle, the chief pointed back he only ornament of the premises, a bleached nan skull, stuck on top of a pole, trophy of a dhunting expedition by our native landlord.

It was not necessary to explain to me what happened and I urged that we get out of e as quickly as possible.

"What's the use?" answered my husband. "We days away from the nearest white man. No, will have to stay right here and argue the ter out as best we can."

He proceeded to take down his rifle and oil loading mechanism.

HILE waiting anxiously for the chief's return, we compared the difference in customs ween Papua and the United States.

In America a man alienates a wife's affections t and then pays damages afterward if he must.

Papuan chief had made no advances, no at- pt to alienate me, but had come to my hus- d, with the damages in his hand, first. Pigs apua are money, in fact the highest denomina- there is. He was offering a fortune in ad- ce heart-balm, which at least was honorable.

About 24 hours later the wife-customer re- ed, with the same prize pig and six more al- t as fat. At a glance our mess boy saw what happened and in his horrified dismay, backed foot right through his own fire. Most of the f's wealth of ornaments was now gone, even spicy grass in his hair. Little was left but the s, which were non-negotiable. Even I grasped pathetic and alarming situation. He had sold traded his entire stock of worldly goods, in rn for the six extra pigs, all for me.

They tell me that in all the myths and tra- ons of Papua, nobody ever offered such a pre- terous price for just one woman. The chief t have gone crazy—what would happen when husband made that curt refusal, the only wer he knew? The reply would surely be a wer of spears.

Instead, Robert made a long speech in Dutch, to the mess boy, telling him among other things to say to the chief that a white man is not permitted to sell his wife, even if he is tired of her. On the other hand, he, Robert, still liked me and wouldn't sell me for all the pigs in Papua. I could see from the boy's face that it had not sounded convincing but he nodded, and then did something much better than translating the speech.

He spoke just one rather brief sentence but it staggered the chieftain and his followers so much that they could not quite make up their minds to attack. Finally they went away with all their pigs but it was easy to see from the chief's countenance that he was as angrily determined as ever to have his way. We had no doubt that this was only a brief respite, and asked the boy what he had really said. It was this:

"The white man cannot sell his white woman because that would make him lose half his soul."

This was something which any Papuan can understand. When twins are born among these wild people, it means that each has only half a soul. The parents immediately drown one of the twins so the survivor will get both halves of the soul. To go through eternity half-souled is the worst possible thing that can happen to a Papuan, much more serious than losing his head

This made my husband's refusal seem sensible enough. The chief himself would not have sold half his soul for seven pigs. Nevertheless, he had set his heart on having me, as soon as he could think of the best way of accomplishing it. As soon as he had time to cool down, the obvious solution came to him.

He would first kill my husband, which would assure Robert's soul going into eternity unmutilated. Then he would take me without paying any pigs at all. As a favor to me, perhaps, he would preserve Robert's head for me to look at when so inclined.

IT was a lovely idea from his point of view, but fortunately for us, he talked about it around the village, was overheard by a higher power and overruled.

The head-hunters, especially the chiefs, appear to be lords of creation. The women must wait on and tend them, do all the work, even the most laborious, while their mates are exempt from everything but war and hunting.

Chiefs and other important personages have half a dozen wives or more but the men are far from being such despotic rulers as they seem.

The women are the unquestioned bosses of all domestic matters, even to instructions of newlyweds on their bridal night when the two mothers-in-law sit on opposite sides of the bed, all through the night. The husbands do not sleep in their own homes regularly but only when they are officially invited and they must visit, not the wife they choose but the one selected by a vote of all the women of the household.

The rest of the time, the men must live together in bachelor quarters, in long, thatched houses. The entire womanhood of the village, in assembly, determines the general policy of how often husbands are allowed to visit their wives. This varies from year to year, according to the number of children and the abundance of food. It seems to be a sort of primeval system of birth control, preventing the race from outgrowing its food supply.

In times of war, the men chose their own leaders and plan their campaigns without interference from the women who nevertheless have a finger in that important pie too. It is the women who have the sole power of declaring war and they can send them off to war even when the men don't want to fight. All their wars might well be called "petticoat wars."

The women of the chief's village, hearing of his simple scheme, declared the matter under their jurisdiction on two counts. First it was a domestic problem. Secondly, killing a white man would probably start a war with the whites, which was also their business. The women voted that if the white man didn't want to sell his wife for seven pigs, he did not have to do so. They furthermore forbade the chief to use violence on him because it might start an undesirable war.

While they were about it, the ladies handed down a learned decision that a white wife would be a disturbing influence in a well-ordered Papuan family. Therefore it would be good policy to get her out of the neighborhood as speedily as possible.

The best way to accomplish this, they said, was for a squad of warriors to go over and help me and my husband hunt butterflies. It was a kind of hunting and one of the only two things the lazy men were supposed to do.

So next day, we who knew nothing of all this, were surprised to see, instead of hostile spearmen, a score of friendly ones who indicated their helpful intentions by spearing butterflies and handing us the mangled remains.

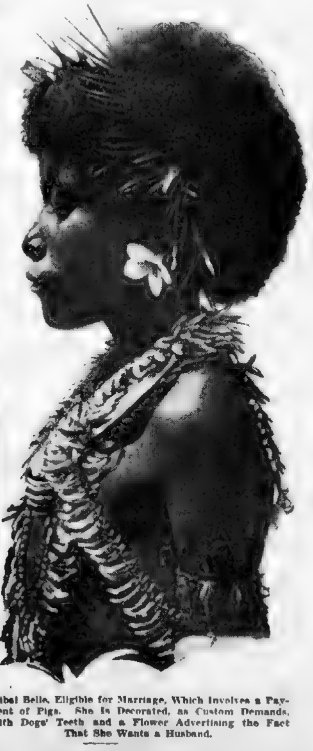
Not knowing then that the feminine Supreme Court had ruled in our favor, we were much relieved at these signs of friendliness. However, they were about as useful in our work as a bull in a china shop. So we had our boy interpreter suggest as diplomatically as possible that they return to their important business of resting up for the next war and of beautifying themselves with more scars. By the way, if personal adornment is the standard, the fair sex in Papua is the masculine one. The women are too busy working all day for beautification.

That long house, for men only, in which they must live except when their wives invite a husband to come up and see one of them, is an ancient institution said to have been common to the savage ancestors of humanity in most parts of the world. It evidently was the first men's club, devised and imposed by women. Today it has developed into a sort of husband-sanctuary to which men flee

(Continued on Page 13)

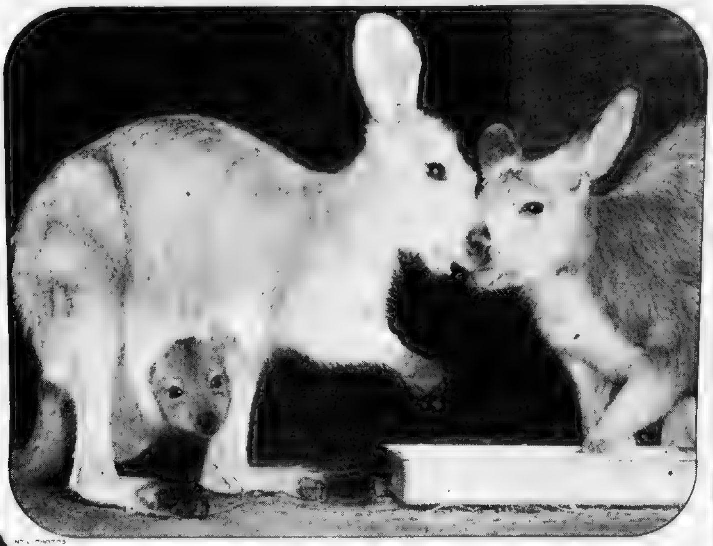
Mr. Wind Inspecting Ceremonial Spear Tipped with Cassowary Claws and Adorned with Bird of Paradise Plumage.

(Copyright, 1941, by R. G. Wind)



Tribal Belle, Eligible for Marriage, Which Involves a Payment of Pigs. She Is Decorated, as Custom Demands, With Dogs' Teeth and a Flower Advertising the Fact That She Wants a Husband.

MOTHER NATURE'S STRANGEST BABY



The Happy Family Scene Above Was Photographed at the Bronx, New York Zoo. Mrs. Kangaroo—With Junior in the Bag—Is Sitting Down to Dinner With Her Long-tailed Husband. The Picture at the Extreme Left of the Page Shows the Youngster Getting Away from the Camera by Climbing Into His Mother's Pouch. The Picture at the Right of the Page Shows the Baby Safely on the Inside Looking out. He's Getting Almost Too Big for Mama to Tote Around and Will Soon Be Hopping About on His Own.

O[illegible] surprise to everyone but its mother. The pouch is home for the first three months of life for the young kangaroo, which keeps completely under cover in mamma's pouch. Only a little over an inch long when born, the baby is not big enough to cause a bulge in the pouch for the first month or two [illegible] weeks, and [illegible] only when keeper or a visitor notices the agitation of the pouch caused by the squirmings of the youngster that the zoo knows [illegible] a [illegible] to make welcome [illegible] in proportion to the size of the [illegible] the young kangaroo is [illegible] baby of the Animal Kingdom. At birth the kangaroo [illegible] in an ordinary [illegible] pink, hairless and still in the rudimentary stage of development. Inside the pouch the baby attaches itself to a teat from which it gets its nourishment until it can fend for itself.

After about three months in the pouch the youngster begins to get curious and will take an occasional peek at the outside world. During the fourth month it leaves the pouch for short intervals, hopping back when startled or tired. The youngster continues to seek refuge there until the time comes when it is too big for its natural cradle.

The baby shown in the rather remarkable animal pictures on this page is the first of its kind ever born in New York City's well stocked Bronx Zoo.

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to this year's FORD!

ROUGH AND BUMPY ROADS are winning lots of buyers over to the big Ford car this year. Take a ride in one yourself and you soon see why!

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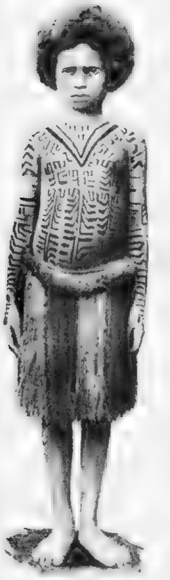
And we think you will agree that before anybody chooses a new car this year, he's just being wise when he drops around to talk "deal" with his nearest Ford dealer!

SAVED BY THE CANNIBALS' WIVES



A CONTRAST IN FASHIONS. The Girl at the Left Is Wearing a Tattooed Costume, the Last Word in Style Among the Cannibal Ladies of Her Native Papua (Photo Copyright by H. M. Dauncey). Above, Is Mrs. Clo Wind at Home After Her Return from Thrilling Adventures Among the Cannibals (Photo Copyright by R. G. Wind).

(Continued from Double Page)

when they ought to be at home, paying attention to their wives.

Though the Papuan male is henpecked by his own women, he takes no nonsense from any others, as I learned almost at the risk of my life, on the little boat we chartered to take us from Prince of Wales Island to Papua.

It had been pretty rough and I glanced sympathetically at the cook who was leaning over the rail in the throes of seasickness. As I passed he gave me a murderous look, staggered to his feet and clutched at his waist, where the well-dressed Papuan always carries a wicked knife.

Fortunately the man had been too ill to dress himself properly on this occasion. At a sharp command from the captain he went below.

"You'll have to be careful around these people," the captain warned me. "Do you know what you just did to him?"

I thought I had merely looked at him.

"Lady, you walked right through his shadow, which is about as safe as walking on the tail of a lion. He thinks you are trying to enslave his soul. To prevent that charm from working he will have to put in several hours of magic down below, which is rather hard on him, considering that he has a meal to prepare and is seasick. It would have been much simpler to have stuck a knife in you.

"Even when there is no shadow you mustn't step over a person lying on the ground. He will be just as mad as if you had run over him with a car, and he will collect damages then and there with a knife."

Yet, with all this superstition, the Papuans have no religion, no gods. Their cannibalism is for superstitious reasons, because they believe that by eating a man's flesh they add his powers to their own. We were told that right in the Dutch port of Merauke an Australian trader, named Dick Roach, had a native boy, who was mild, obedient, neat as a pin and full of ambition to become educated like the white man.

One day Roach came home unexpectedly and found the boy cooking a human arm in a nice stew. As far as could be ascertained the arm had belonged to a native who had proved extra-smart at absorbing education. The boy had bought the arm to eat on much the same theory that an American college boy would sharpen his mind with coffee before study [illegible] exams [illegible].

[illegible] away [illegible] thought [illegible] never acquired enough education to be worth killing for eating purposes. Nevertheless he managed to come to a tragic end because he knew too much.

One day he disappeared [illegible] later, what the crocodiles had left of his remains was found. He was far too experienced to have gotten into their clutches by accident and therefore [illegible] been thrown in, a [illegible] convenient way of getting rid of people. The whites never learned who did it but they were vaguely informed that the boy had learned secrets about some of the other natives which they feared he might impart to the whites.

Nothing will convince many South Sea Island natives that the Dutch are not also headhunters who place a native skull under the cornerstone of all public buildings. They believe that an extra tall white man, Orang Blanda, ranges the [illegible] constantly, with a long knife, to supply the builders with heads. Native mothers use this as a bugaboo to make unruly children behave.

NOBODY would call Papua one of those South Sea paradises one reads about, but we spent six Robinson-Crusoe weeks on one which comes as near as any to the ideal Prince of Wales Island off the northeast coast of Australia where we lived like Adam and Eve, all alone in a natural garden where housekeeping was delightfully easy. We ate fish and oysters obtained with almost no effort and balanced these with fruits and vegetables, to be picked with equal ease.

To complete the lovely picture there was a natural shower-bath of pleasantly cool water, in the form of a waterfall. It was overhung with spicy trees and fragrant flowers, a natural perfumed bath. You may wonder how we had the will power to leave such a heavenly place. It was no great effort because, in these "paradises" there are always at least one or two "devils."

On one of the first days at the island I almost became a widow. My husband, pursuing some sort of winged insect which he had never seen before, followed it out on the beach with net poised and so full of enthusiasm that he did not watch his step. As a result he trod on what he supposed without looking, was the tip end of a log. When the log coughed and moved he looked and lost all interest in the insect.

He had stepped on the snout of a crocodile, the local version of an alligator. In such cases, the crocodile spins on its short sturdy legs and aims a blow with its heavy, mailed tail which for reach and power makes the best Joe Louis can give hardly more in comparison than the touch of a butterfly's wing. If the blow lands the man goes down for a long count. But the croc does not wait for any count.

Grasping the victim in its powerful jaws it takes him under [illegible]

[illegible] escorted by [illegible] friendly natives [illegible] overboard. We h[illegible] of crocodiles for [illegible] yet the boy had [illegible] give [illegible] thing pulled him [illegible]

The water boils at that point [illegible]

(Continued on Page 15)

Here's How to Find Out Your Value as an Office Worker

(See Page 6)

THE HIGHEST possible score for this quiz is 600. If you get this you deserve not only the top salary for your type of job but the boss' job as well.

If you don't get a score of 600 you can find out what salary you're worth this way:

Since 600 is the highest score, the greatest efficiency, take your own score and divide it by 600, and the result will be your percentage of efficiency. For example: your score may be 528; 528 divided by 600 is .88 or 88% efficient.

Then take the average or prevailing wage for your particular type of work and you can find out what you are worth.

If the prevailing wage scale averages about $100 a month, multiply $100 by .88 and your worth will be $88 a month. If this figure is higher than the salary you've been getting then you're justified in asking for a raise. If it's lower you'd better start to mend your ways—before you have to look for a new job!

For HEALTH
....serve a salad every day

From the tempting array of colorful, vitamin-rich fruits and vegetables your grocer is now offering . . . give your family a [illegible] "salad a day." It's a health rule that will reall[illegible]

For EXTRA ENJOYMENT
....serve it with Miracle Whip!

The tempting, refreshing flavor of Miracle Whip has made it America's favorite salad dressing!

To millions of people the "different" flavor of Miracle Whip has brought a brand new *zest* in salad-eating.

When this famous combination of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing was first created, from coast to coast spread the enthusiastic verdict: "Here, at last, is a dressing that's not too tart, or too oily, or too bland . . . but *just right*."

Because it literally seems to work *magic* on salads, Miracle Whip today outsells the next twenty leading salad dressings combined.

There's a secret, of course, back of the unrivalled popularity of Miracle Whip. In a word it's—*quality!*

Unusual excellence of ingredients. A unique, secret recipe. A remarkable patented beater which gives unique smoothness of texture. And, finally, frequent delivery, which enables food dealers to get fresh supplies of Miracle Whip every few days.

Miracle Whip is a unique combination of zestful old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. A remarkable beater, exclusive with Kraft, gives it marvelous smoothness. Millions prefer this "different" dressing!

GIRLS THAT SOLDIERS DREAM ABOUT

Sending Their Pictures to the Army Camps Was a Publicity Stunt That Took a Surprising Turn When the Boys Began Writing Letters of Thanks

The Boys in Khaki Think Miss Eileen Cummings—the Smiling Girl Shown Above—Has the Sort of Face That Any Soldier Could Think About and Feel That America Is Worth Fighting For.

Many a Doughboy Frankly Admits That He Finds a Lot of Comforting Thoughts About What a Swell Country This Is to Live In When He Looks at the Pensive Portrait at the Right. The Pretty Subject Is Lucile Wilds.

Open-Eyed Ruth Iverson, at the Top of the Page, and Golden-Haired Elizabeth Ryan Are Two Other Hard-Working New York Models Whose Wholesome Faces Are to Be Found In Many a Soldier's Pocket.

THE COUNTRY [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] the nation's [illegible] which [illegible] America [illegible]

The [illegible] New York [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. Thornton [illegible] something [illegible] to [illegible] that [illegible] might [illegible] look on the [illegible] of some [illegible] the nation's magazine covers, billboards and [illegible]

So [illegible] that several thousand photographs of these pretty [illegible] available without cost to the boys [illegible] camps. The reaction was [illegible] enthusiastic [illegible] cantonments from [illegible] to New England sent in a flood of postcards and letters. [illegible] of photographs like these reproduced on this page [illegible] and they went for them like a flock of Spitfires after a Nazi bomber.

[illegible] the [illegible] young [illegible] army ha[illegible] by some people [illegible] the profession of [illegible] there were rumors that the boys [illegible] their pictures of pretty girls [illegible] "snappy" side [illegible] might not be quite the thing to tack up on the walls [illegible] home.

This is no indictment against the fighting man's taste in pictures, but it may be something of a surprise to learn that Mr. Thornton is having his hands full sending more and more portraits that are distinctly not "snappy" in the popular meaning of the word. Believe it or not, the boys can't get enough of young, wholesome feminine faces.

A postcard from an army flying field in Illinois is typical of the thousands of communications that have come in to Mr. Thornton's New York office. It reads in part: "Thanks for the pictures of your lovely models. I sure did get the other boys jealous by telling them that I knew the girls. The place doesn't seem so bad. Now instead of having to look at a bare wall at the head of the bunk, I have all these pretty girls to look at and they sure do help to take the loneliness out [illegible]."

[illegible] thank [illegible] for the pictures of [illegible] girls [illegible] such words [illegible] and I [illegible]

[illegible] that's what they [illegible] and the bosses of the [illegible] the psychologists and the folks back home are, to be blunt about it, pleasantly surprised that the boys get a genuine kick out of the faces of the girls who are the opposite of what might be called "the ladies of the evening" set.

The girls whose pictures the soldiers were so glad to get personify to the nation's fighting men the kind they used to "date" at home.

The Grateful Young Soldier at the Right Is Looking Over Some of the "Gallery" of Pictures That Have Been Sent by the Thousand to This Country's Army Camps.

Phoney Flowers that Are Real

One of the Most Striking of These Built-Up Flowers Is the Cabbage Rose—Which Is Fashioned of Several Normal-Sized Blossoms.

SOME of the most beautiful flowers to be seen this season have never bloomed in a garden or greenhouse for modern florists, like dressmakers, are turning out new styles right in their own workshops.

These new blossoms are created by combining petals and leaves of different flowers to achieve dazzling effects. Working with carnations, roses, lilies, tulips, gladioli, snapdragons, gardenias, azaleas, hydrangeas, glossy magnolia and variegated [illegible] florist members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association have mastered this new horticultural art.

The trick in making these striking "blooms" is to take apart flower petals and, by fixing the base of each petal with moist green fern, simulate the flower's natural stem. Next the base is wound with a fine wire which keeps the petal's shape.

The first of these unusual flowers was the cabbage rose which was a dead ringer for a huge rose about the size of that vegetable. It was made from half a dozen roses.

Then the gladioli rose was created [illegible] manipulated gladioli petals of different shades blended to create a dazzling, vari-colored bloom.

Huge, patriotic flowers were made from petals of red and white carnations with blue cornflowers. Carnation petals also made the popular Hawaiian leis.

Heart-shaped medallions worked out with rose, carnation and violet petals were some other unusual inventions. Rosettes made of carnation petals or brilliant azaleas in pink, white, red or salmon were decorative touches for new Spring dance slippers. And the thoughtful florists even created for young rhumba dancers garters made of rose petals knotted with sweetheart roses to be glimpsed beneath the swirling rhumba gown.

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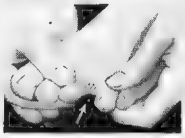
ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCHING FEET and TOES



Broken Skin, Blisters or Itching Here May Mean You Already Have Athlete's Foot

Look between your toes. Do they itch; is the skin red, raw, cracked, thick and white or covered with tiny blisters? Take no chances! It may be Athlete's Foot—a dangerous, highly infectious, stubborn skin disease that can easily spread to other parts of the feet and body.

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Try this famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream. [illegible] ive ingredients hasten the natural [illegible] ty of the skin in flaking off lifeless, dull or darkened surface skin in tiny, invisible par[illegible] [illegible] lightener used as di[illegible] [illegible] reveals the whiter, newer underskin. **Saxolite Astringent** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface [illegible] Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening. **Tartreol Beauty Mask** Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

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READERS who are not even scientifically minded find the easy-to-understand scientific articles in this and other issues of The American Weekly exceptionally interesting reading.

Fatal Gift

SELECTED FICTION

(Continued from Page 8)

upstairs. "She doesn't want to see me again," thought Lucy, 'until she's able not to be angry any more."

Rather in the manner of St. George showing his satisfaction after a successful brush with the dragon, John served Lucy with a fresh piece of buttered toast, half of which, as reproof she left upon her plate. She could think of nothing to say to him that would not make the situation worse. Lucy had discovered how much more dangerous to happiness, at times, is the loyalty of a friend than the tactics of an enemy.

John's faithful jealousy—he can't bear to hand Jackie eight letters to my two!—had made the first rift in that veil of courtesy which, earnestly and honestly woven by the fingers of three women might soon have knit itself into a rent-proof tapestry.

What can I say? thought Lucy, studying her locked hands, what can I do? Presently she arose, not able to endure John's burning watchfulness, and went dragging up the stairs. On the landing, just before the turn, she had her inspiration which carried her as far as that bedroom door. There, just as her hand moved forward, she had heard her name, "Lucy" and "Lucy" again in Linnie's light, otherwise indistinguishable voice. Such a young, vehement voice younger than mine or Jackie's, Lucy thought.

There came Jackie's laughter and an exclamation, "O, muv, honestly!"

Than Heaven, then, Jackie was not yet involved. "Now," said Lucy's instinct, "now . . . before Linnie can talk her out of her detachment." She swung forward, stood like a straight young soldier, lifted the hand and knocked Rat-a-tat-tat . . . the die was cast. "Come in."

SHE opened the door quickly. There they sat, looking up in surprise from their scattered mail, Linnie on the chair arm leaning above Jackie's shoulder.

Linnie straightened and went over to another chair. Confidences stopped. Jackie folded her letter, wandered to a window seat, perched there with her look of a brown bright wren.

Lucy delivered herself with all her naive directness. "Linnie, I am going to give a party to introduce Jackie to the young people here. That is," her voice stumbled, "if you don't mind." And to herself, "It worked. It worked!" seeing the instant change in Jackie's mother's face.

"Mind?" Linnie was deeply flushed. "I think it's a perfect idea, and you're a darling, Lucy, to want to do it." She was really touched and pleased and came over and put her arms around Lucy, lifting up her mouth for a kiss. "You are a sweet thing, Lucy. Who could help adoring you."

(That means forgiveness for John!) "I've never given anyone a party yet. You'll have to help me, both of you. Are you too busy now? May I get pencil and paper? I'll make out a sort of experimental list, then we can get together."

Jackie spoke more slowly than usual. "But, Lucy, your aunt is giving a tea for us . . . for muv and me."

Lucy on her way to the door, stood still and the color rushed into and out of her fair face. "Aunt Judith? Is she? I . . . I didn't know." In the air hung that unavoidable comment, "She has never given a tea for me." Lucy shook back her hair. "But what difference will that make, Jackie? After all, you rate at least two parties and mine's going to be a grand one, dancing and lanterns out of doors and supper and maybe champagne punch and oodles of young people, everyone that I know in Philadelphia."

JACKIE, still with soberness, said, "But Miss Grange? Do you think she'll like it?"

"Why not?"

"Well . . . I'm just wondering." Then, abruptly, "Lucy, I'm scared to death of Philadelphia young people."

"You goose!" cried Linnie quite annoyed.

"Phyl Masters and Molly Graves came over here last Winter. You know how attractive Phyl is and Molly's no wall flower. Well, they both said—and they weren't visiting the same family either! . . . that it was just too awful for words at parties but maybe that was because they felt strange among so many young people they'd never met before.

"Molly said they were simply overwhelming for about five minutes, the air was full of 'O, my dears, not really!' and 'Isn't that too marvelous!' and 'Aren't you wonderful!' until you were all puffed up and thought you were a hit, then . . . sort of, little by little, tippy-toes, the boys followed the lead of the girls and eased themselves away.

"They got going together about Ben and Al and Joe and Tom and Emily . . . and they told each other stories full of 'purple' and 'excruciating' and 'morbid' . . . you know the kind of things, that are funny if you know what it's about and simply Chinese if you don't. But then it's always that way. You do feel out of things until you get to know people better.

"Molly said that after a while she was invisible and inaudible and it didn't matter whether she smiled or not. So she took off the big social beam and put it into her vanity [illegible] was her story [illegible] green. Do forgive [illegible] I know it's [illegible] a lamb to [illegible] me into the [illegible]

Lucy was [illegible]

[illegible]

At the [illegible] room, Lucy [illegible] pencil [illegible] Register [illegible] utes, her eyes [illegible] pushed a[illegible] ing out her [illegible] silver mon[illegible] in a clear [illegible]

"Dear H[illegible]

"You [illegible]

[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Going to buy a new Car?

See your nearest Pontiac Owner!

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FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

(Continued from Page 15)

FATAL GIFT

"Pearls! How Lovely of You," Cried the Astonished Jackie as Aunt Judith Gave Her the Necklace.

go. "Stay here ... stay here .. my sweet" or "Witchety... witchety...witchy ...witch . . ." in anxious [illegible]

Aunt Judith [illegible] Lucy's [illegible] was as repetitive [illegible] for the first time [illegible] She [illegible] said to her [illegible] Aunt Judith [illegible]

The [illegible] was stronger than its [illegible] Lucy besides [illegible] Aunt Lu's [illegible] welcomed the [illegible] for [illegible] Aunt Lu [illegible]

The [illegible] though [illegible] safety [illegible] rocked [illegible] with [illegible] her [illegible]

Lucy [illegible] contrast [illegible]

[illegible] chance [illegible]

But Lucy [illegible]

[illegible] taking [illegible] Aunt Lu just [illegible] off and put your [illegible] Do you know what it's about?

LUCY shook her head, using her [illegible] No [illegible]

[illegible] bang, [illegible] May- [illegible] you [illegible] out [illegible]

[illegible] At [illegible]

Half [illegible] the door, Lucy [illegible] There [illegible]

[illegible] Lucy [illegible]

Straight [illegible] just [illegible] concert [illegible] saying the [illegible] she beat a bold signal on the heavy door.

"Has [illegible]

[illegible] Statues [illegible] its walls [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible]

Her [illegible] as the [illegible] the big [illegible] whose [illegible] ancestors [illegible] by the woman [illegible] an imposing [illegible] clutched [illegible]

[illegible] beautiful [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Lucy's, [illegible] that did [illegible] others. She was [illegible] cause, an habit- [illegible] that abrupt cessation in talk, that almost audible drawing-in of breath, that widening of eyes in rapturous admiration.

It is doubtful if Lucy would have had the courage to advance [illegible] that signal which [illegible] her since childhood. It did not, however, look like timidity, it had the air of a prima donna's deliberate trick, [illegible] as such it now affected Miss Judith Grange, increasing the rapid visible throbbing of a [illegible] in her cheek.

"What," she repeated, "are you waiting for? Come here. In front of me. Stand there, please, where I can see you. Now, tell [illegible] what do you mean by this?"

LUCY thought "Aunt Lu is right. There is good reason for terror." Her heart had begun to beat unevenly, her fingers were cold, she could feel the blood rushing up and away from her face. There was even a queer, horrid stiffness in her throat as though a hand had grasped it closely. Aunt Lu was right. She had been a fool to come. She tried to speak and cleared her throat. This familiar symptom was fuel to Judith's fire.

"Can't you speak, Lucy? I haven't seen you for some time but when you were last with me you had the use of your tongue, such as it was."

Tears rushed to Lucy's eyes, her voice came back.

"I don't know what to say, Aunt Judith." The young voice was gentle as a bird's after that high cruel probing. "I don't understand. I can't imagine what I've done. Aunt Lu couldn't tell me."

"Naturally. She hasn't much more wits that her namesake. I suppose, my child, you didn't know that I am giving a tea in June, on the fourteenth, for that attractive, clever little girl, Jacqueline Seymour, your stepsister."

Lucy [illegible] Her eyes were [illegible] Lucy said [illegible] about it this [illegible] Aunt Judith."

"And you [illegible] lately give up your [illegible] plan. May I ask [illegible] why not?"

[illegible] About my party [illegible] reason why I [illegible] stop." She [illegible] protest [illegible] very [illegible] brewing. "I have as much right," Lucy went on, but smiling [illegible]

[illegible] I beg [illegible] honestly [illegible] way [illegible] from town [illegible] supper [illegible]"

"In other words, it is to be a much more imposing affair. A ball. Have you sent out your invitations?"

Lucy laughed on the short breath of anger. "Of course not. I only thought of it [illegible]"

"Good. Then you can save yourself the trouble [illegible] my tea this June and your [illegible] can wait until next Autumn. I am the head of the family and it is my place to be the first to entertain its new member. You understand me, I suppose. Why not do me the honor of shutting your mouth and stopping that ill-mannered fiddling with your absurd, doll hair?"

Lucy did both, but the change of pose and expression, though obedient, was not likely to placate a tyrant. For she looked cavalier and white.

"Aunt Judith, I am not going to give up my dance or postpone it. I'm going to give it on June 7th just as I planned." And there was not a stumble in her voice which was higher than usual and more than usually sweet.

Aunt Judith stared. Her magnificent eyes, set deep into their stained hollows, seemed to jut forward. She half rose. "You mean you will disobey me?"

Lucy began, "But I don't think I have to be exactly . . . obedient . . . to you, do I?"

Judith's voice ran up into a dangerous key, the crescendo of a rising hysteria. "And why not, please? And why not, Lucy Grange? Is it because you have [illegible] your own? Is it because [illegible] spoiled [illegible] and given [illegible] ignorant [illegible] because your [illegible] the sense to [illegible] and spank [illegible] of a [illegible] small girl?"

"[illegible] my hand has [illegible] that service for you. [illegible] it's not too late [illegible] in a way [illegible] how to [illegible] girls as you [illegible] if you [illegible] attitude of defiance [illegible] coming to you, Lucy Grange.

"You imagine that you are sacrosanct because you have the [illegible] the [illegible] cheap [illegible] Who [illegible] like to know? [illegible]

"You [illegible] some [illegible] stable boy . . who was it at that school? . . . falls at your feet that you can play the role of little queen with everyone. You, hardly able to read and write, who couldn't keep your place above the primary grade!"

"Aunt Judith, please! Just because [illegible] both want to do something nice for Jackie . . . for [illegible]"

"[illegible] now I see. You're jealous of your stepsister. I never gave Miss Lucy Grange a party! That's it. That's why you are going to defy me, to belittle, if you can, my compliment to another girl. Now let me tell you something, my pretty Lucy. Do you know why I prefer Miss Jacqueline Seymour to Miss Lucy Grange? It is because I like women to have character and brains. You have neither. You seem to have combined quite expertly your mother's dullness with your father's commonplaceness."

ADVANCING, Lucy stood close, opposite and above her great-aunt and put down her two young hands on the desk. But first she struck the desk top with one palm. "Please stop. Don't insult my mother and father. It isn't because of my stupidity you hate me. I know the real reason you hate me. I've always known it.

"And so . . ." cried Lucy, a blind ruthlessness that had the color of scarlet and the feel of fire being upon her, a sensation she had never felt before in all her dreaming youth, ". . . and so has everyone. I believe, if you dared, Aunt Judith, you would throw acid in my face."

Seeing the really terrible effect of these words, Lucy would have snatched them back out of the air. But it was too late. Instead, she turned, calling for help, almost colliding with Aunt Lu, who had taken her courage in both hands, quietly opened the door and witnessed the end of the turbulent scene.

Aunt Lu put the agitated girl aside and went in. For an instant Lucy, astounded and in tears, saw her, with her distorted gentle face and awkward hands, take that figure into her arms, hiding that face . . . "Not beautiful," thought Lucy, horrified, "not beautiful at all!" . . . gathering together the frantic, breath-seeking hands. She signed to Lucy to go away at once.

When Lucy was safe in the woods she fell down in the first grassy spot. She was still shaking, still in tears. Her emotions [illegible] her mind, pulling her [illegible] like the hands of scared children at their mother's skirt. She was ashamed . . . of her cruelty, her loss of magnanimity, she, so young and strong!

She was [illegible] remembering the smile of that "dull" mother, the steady strength of "Daddy," whose sweetness was so far from commonplace; she was hurt . . . for it was true that inferior people had been her most articulate admirers, and she was frightened . . . "Could I be like that?"

"I was. I was. I spoke in just that sort of terrible high voice. And I hit the desk with my hand. It still stings, I struck so hard. Perhaps Henry Treyne knows something. Perhaps it is in me to be Aunt Judith."

SHE sat up and hid her face in her hands. The birds sang. The little leaves whispered. Lucy prayed. In the mood of Litany . . . two gentlewomen staring and screaming . . . like women of the streets . . . Good Lord, deliver us!

But the next morning, having consulted nobody, she sent out the invitations.

"Miss Lucy Elder Grange. To meet Miss Jacqueline Seymour. At ten o'clock on the evening of June 7th. Dancing."

* * *

At twenty minutes before ten o'clock on the evening of June seventh, Miss Lucy Elder Grange was moving about the formal garden at the southeastern end of her father's house, up and down the grass terrace and along the verandah for a last minute inspection of her lanterns, her tables and her moon. Indoors the rooms were all lighted and decorated; in the large one that opened by two doors to the verandah, the musicians, camouflaged as it is by the conventional fate of dance-musicians to be, were tuning up their instruments.

Lucy was already dressed, in white chiffon. Her slender arms were bare. Her feet were sandalled, her wrists banded with gold. Above the slim shoulders, goddess-fair, and the proud throat, her mouth and eyes were grave. She was absorbed in her role of hostess.

Lucy looked forward to her own adventures at this festivity with no elation. She had never had what is known as "a good time" at parties. Nor had she ever been greatly distressed by this fact. Only tonight, for the first time, there was a soreness. Aunt Judith had dealt her a shrewd wound.

It seemed to her now quite certain that she was too stupid to attract her equals and that her beauty, which she had never before objectivized, must indeed be of an obvious, [illegible] even vulgar sort. It was perfectly true that her only very articular admirers had been people of limited experience or of small education.

In her eyes, below their practical absorption, there was a beginning of a new sort of [illegible]

(Continued on Page 18)

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Listerine!

See how it attacks annoying flakes

Feel how it invigorates your scalp

Scalp is healthier, cleaner

WHEN ugly flakes and scales begin to speck your clothes, when your scalp begins to itch annoyingly, it's time to act—and act *fast!*

Nature may be warning you that infectious dandruff has set in . . . may be telling you to do something about it before it gets any worse.

Start now with Listerine Antiseptic. Just douse it on your scalp and hair morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

This is the simple medical treatment which has shown such outstanding results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the easy method used by thousands in their own homes.

Listerine, the antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle, often brings quick improvement in cases of infectious dandruff, because it gives both hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. The loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier, more invigorated. And meanwhile, Listerine is killing millions of germs on scalp and hair, including the queer "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding authorities as a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.

Clinical results of this simple, pleasant treatment have been literally amazing. In one test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't waste any time. You may have a real infection, so begin today with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. To save yourself money, buy the large economy size bottle.

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DOES HE USUALLY PREFER TO . . .

LOOK THE OTHER WAY

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Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

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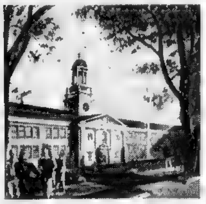

We, too, are great believers in turning over stones

ONCE when Euripides the Greek [illegible] unturned!"

We try to follow this wise advice in our [illegible] sound investments. When Metropolitan invests in first mortgages on [illegible] "leave no stone unturned" [illegible] learn all there is to know [illegible] property to be mortgaged.

Details of construction are checked

Transportation facilities are analyzed

The neighborhood is studied

Location of schools is important

Applications for loans on city real estate come to Metropolitan from real estate owners and their agents or brokers, as well as from the Company's 73 active loan correspondents, and many sub-correspondents, in all parts of the United States.

Metropolitan must determine the suitability of the property, the physical condition of its improvements, the character and future of the neighborhood, its transportation facilities, and the reputation and financial responsibility of the owner.

In the case of a private home or apartment house, Metropolitan also wants to know about the nearness of schools and shopping districts.

If the property is a business building, its location must be suitable to the nature of the business to which the building is devoted. The integrity and efficiency of the management must be taken into account. Details of architecture and construction and [illegible] of the property are checked by Metropolitan's own staff to make sure it will attract tenants at adequate rentals.

Before any mortgage loan is made, on any type of property, it must meet the requirements of the Company's investment policies [illegible] be recommended by Metropolitan's investment men. Their recommendations must then be approved by the Real Estate Committee of Metropolitan's Board of Directors.

Life insurance funds invested in first mortgages on real estate are helping business to carry on or expand, and people to own their own homes. At the same time, these funds earn interest that helps reduce the cost of your life insurance.

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This is Number 37 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Woman Explorer Tells How Papuan Headhunters Were Forced to Catch Butterflies for Her

(Continued from Page 13)

not understand a word or a sign merely answering with a shrug. All night they paddled and with darkness came a new development. From the dark banks came talk on the drums, which the paddlers answered by beating on the side of the canoe, until I was almost crazy.

It seemed clear that our boatmen were all set to murder, rob and possibly eat us but killing a white man is a public event and it was necessary to get the approval and co-operation of some one on shore. So they talked back and forth by drum and canoe beats. Finally some authority off in the darkness vetoed the idea. I have always thought it was our friends the women. Anyhow, the paddlers eventually did land us safely at Inanwaten, where the doctor pronounced my ailment a mild case of tropical dengue, an epidemic fever from which I recovered in a few days.

Our crew proved their guilty consciences by paddling away furiously the moment they had landed us and our supplies, without waiting for their pay. I shall always believe that I really did have appendicitis but got it scared out of me, which my husband considers an entirely unscientific opinion. But then he has unscientific notions, too. For instance I know he secretly believes that just because the cassowaries never chased him, I must have done something to invite it. Isn't that a typical husband's point of view?

WHILE lying in the canoe and trying to look unworried as I speculated as to whether I would die from appendicitis before they got around to killing me and whether they would eat me, I knew just how the ceremony would be performed.

One night, after we had stayed in one place long enough to become quite chummy with our headhunting neighbors, we were kept awake by an unusually hectic throbbing of the native drums indicating some sort of big business going on. The next day we learned from a talkative young boy that two Chinese merchants who had incurred the native admiration and enmity by their shrewd bargaining, had been killed, cooked and eaten that night, hardly more than a mile from the camp.

Robert managed to get a few of the details of these "long pig" feasts. They are nothing like the pictures I gazed at with awe as a child, in which the victims were cooked alive in a huge pot. Cannibals don't have a pot that large, any more than you have one in your kitchen, nor is the victim roasted alive at the stake, at least in Papua. Often he is first pounded to death with rocks, to soften him up for the roasting which is done in small chunks.

They do not broil the human meat over a fire usually, but lay it on stones that have been heated in the fire and it is devoured without any seasoning whatever. Occasionally, a dreadful detail is to cut a sample from the victim before he has been pounded, and roast it before his eyes.

Papuans often eat enemies they have captured from neighboring tribes, but they much prefer the flesh of outlanders, Chinese and white, the white being considered a special delicacy and there is no telling how many traders who disappear in the jungle become the "long pig" of a cannibal feast. The Papuans are secretive about their cannibalism because they know that the white men have forbidden it and sometimes send punitive expeditions, though without hope of catching the instigators.

Sometimes the thrills are not so alarming. Once Robert sauntered over to witness a tribal ceremony by a poor and wretched tribe near the coast and which seemed on its way to extinction. The ceremony was dull and unimportant except for one thing. In the course of the proceedings they produced about a dozen priceless Ming vases, which if sold in the United States would have made the tribe rich beyond all dreams. Of course these were sacred and could not be sold, just as I could not be sold to the chief.

My husband asked where the vases came from and was informed that spirits brought them more years ago than there are stars in the sky. Between ceremonies they were kept buried deep in the ground.

They must have been brought to Papua by some Chinese trading junk but whether the traders got value received in the form of Papuan goods or were shipwrecked on the shore to receive the time-honored fate of castaways, of being robbed and killed besides, in this case eaten and their heads stuck on a pole, will never be known.

If the Papuans puzzled us, we certainly puzzled them. The natives asked us constantly why we came from far away to hunt such trivial and useless game as butterflies and bugs. We always told them the truth but they never believed it. To them it was a morbid curiosity. Some thought we ate them secretly and ceremoniously. When shown that we preserved the specimens and took them home with us, they became convinced that there must be some sort of magic in the business and spied on us in hope of learning how it was done.

THE big island of Papua contains more different tribes than you could shake a spear at. Most of them talk languages so different that they cannot understand each other without an interpreter. However, we heard from the natives, and white old-timers confirmed it, that there is one universal tongue, understood perfectly by every native, even small children. As might be guessed this a language for diplomatic purposes, but diplomacy in reverse because it cannot possibly be used for any purpose except threats and insults.

I am told that it consists of about 30 outrageous nouns, a score of violent verbs and some one hundred foul and abominable adjectives. They say there is not a decent word in the language.

When the women appoint an ambassador to explain to a neighboring tribe why they are declaring war, he is expected to use every single word there is in that tongue at least once. The gentleman who replies will also exhaust the language. More than one native generously volunteered to teach it to us. But we did not see how it could be useful as long as we retained the ambition of remaining all in one piece.

Some headhunters are as careful in preserving their trophies as we are with our insect specimens. In the first place they sever it with every vertebra of the neck attached. The scalp is then slit up the back and the skull removed. If the victim was a person of no importance, they just stick the skull on a pole and let it go at that. Some of the more slovenly tribes do no more, even to important skulls, when they manage to get one.

The more careful headhunters after cleaning the skull and the entire skin and scalp, replace them in their original positions. A hole is cut in the roof of the mouth through which the brain is removed. The Papuans have no suspicion that such thinking as they do is performed inside their heads.

However, they suspect that this seemingly useless skullstuffing must be for some purpose and therefore when indulging in "long pig" feasts, the brains are eaten too, so as to be sure they are not missing any quality that might lurk there.

In preparing a head for their indoor collections, some Papuans place a large pebble or a nut in the hollow of the skull, to rattle impressively when the skull is used in a head dance. Another school of thought believes that skulls should be seen but not heard and stuffs the cranial cavity with cocoanut fibre. In any case the mouth is usually made to remain wide open by plugging it with clay. The same material is used to fill the eye sockets which are decorated with red abrus seeds. The countenance is lip-sticked, rouged and otherwise painted up, to make a gay horror.

To preserve the skin and scalp the head is tanned by exposure to the sun and a long session in the smokehouse. Of course, such works of art must be kept indoors out of the rain but even so, decomposition usually attacks the scalp sooner or later causing fallen hair. At the first symptom of this, the scalp is removed and replaced by a false one of clay. Into this clay, with infinite pains, the hairs are inserted, one by one.

Sometimes the victim's skin is also carefully flayed, tanned and stuffed but I understand that for some mystic reason no stuffed skin is ever reunited with its stuffed head. Perhaps they fear that this might cause the assemblage to become alive again or their magic to backfire on them in some other embarrassing manner.

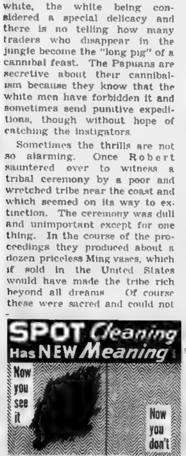
The headhunters of the Sepik River are considered the highest artists of them all in this line. First they make a death mask of the face in clay. From this they are able to build up the bones of the face after the skull has been cleaned and scoured with sand by means of adding more clay so that when the skin is replaced the dead warrior's face looks quite lifelike except that the eye-sockets glare with fiercely-painted cowrie shells. When the skin replacement is not a success, these sculptors turn painters, covering the clay with a brown pigment, like that of the native complexion.

THE Papuans, I am afraid, did not think that two white persons who had nothing better to do than chase insects, were quite right mentally and certainly we were the lowest form of hunters they had ever heard about. Nevertheless, if they had killed us for purposes of robbery I think we would have also been eaten, on the off-chance that there is some good in every man.

But surely they would not have honored us by one of their artistic head-jobs. I doubt if they would even have stuck our naked skulls on poles for fear that a Dutch punitive expedition might identify them somehow and for once know which village to punish.

This may have been what the drums were saying all through that dreadful night on the river. Probably village after village warned our boatman to go somewhere else to kill the white couple.

I have been asked what was our chief article of food. It was, strangely enough, eggs. Every village was full of chickens and when the natives learned we liked eggs boys were continually bringing us warm, fresh-laid ones. I haven't been able to look an egg in the face for weeks.



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Now you don't

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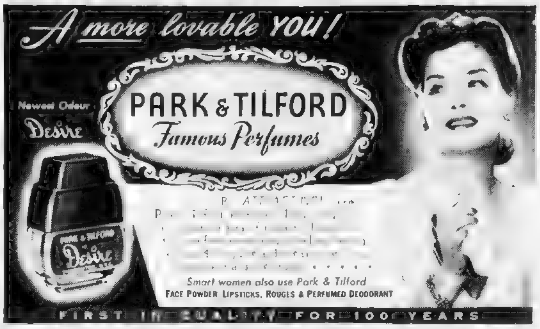

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[illegible]

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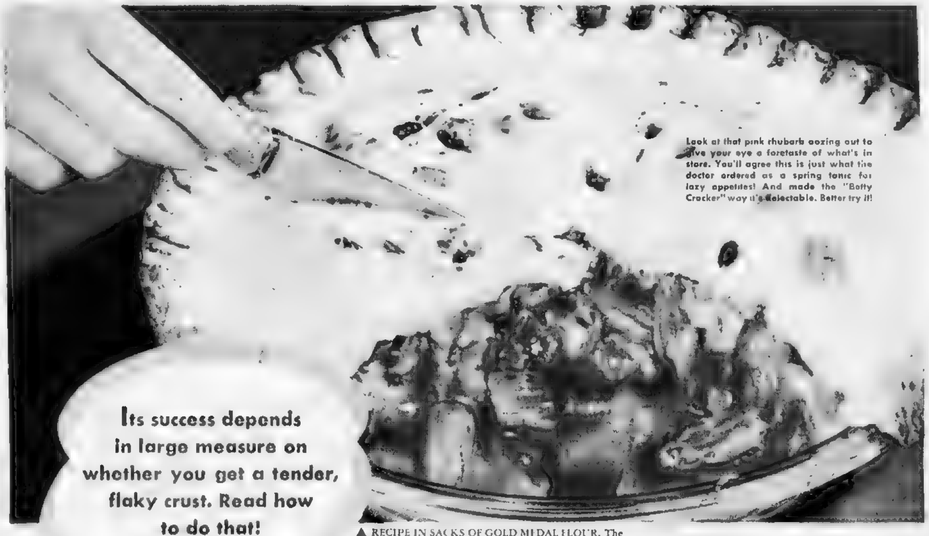
Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy to follow rules on that page!



Betty Crocker says—"Rhubarb Pie should be made the Old-Fashioned way!"

Its success depends in large measure on whether you get a tender, flaky crust. Read how to do that!

Look at that pink rhubarb oozing out to give your eye a foretaste of what's in store. You'll agree this is just what the doctor ordered as a spring tonic for lazy appetites! And made the "Betty Crocker" way it's delectable. Better try it!

RECIPE IN SACKS OF GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. The ingredients are simple: Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour, Fresh Pink Rhubarb, Sugar, Butter, Salt, Shortening. And the pie is easy to make if you follow the Betty Crocker recipe in the sack, even if you have never made a Rhubarb Pie before!

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, and the Betty Crocker recipes in the sacks, make a "success combination" that can't fail you!

For instance, take this rhubarb pie. The Betty Crocker staff perfected and tested the recipe. Then it was "insurance tested" by average homemakers in their own kitchens. Thus you get a recipe that's known to work perfectly with Gold Medal Flour!

In an "old-fashioned" two-crust pie, the flour plays an important part. It must act properly with the shortening. Otherwise you will not get the tenderness, flavor and flakiness you want.

The care used in producing Gold Medal is your guarantee that this flour will have the proper characteristics for all types of all-purpose baking (*cakes, cookies, pies, biscuits, rolls, bread*).

Over 150 steps are involved in making and testing this flour. And more than 50,000 recipes have been examined and thoroughly tested by our staff to bring you the recipes in the sacks of Gold Medal Flour! Most important of all, perhaps, is the testing undergone by the flour in the Betty Crocker kitchen under actual home conditions. Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour embodies a reliability you simply can't be certain of in untested flours!

Why not change to this famous brand tomorrow? It's carefully made by General Mills, Inc. of Minneapolis, Minn.

NOW *Vitamin-and-Mineral* ENRICHED

All Gold Medal Flour now being made is being enriched in Vitamin B_1, Nicotinic Acid (an essential of the important Vitamin B complex) and Iron in the interests of better public health—as part of General Mills' plan of co-operation with the national defense program. The appearance and baking characteristics of Gold Medal Flour are *exactly the same* as heretofore. (Grocers are being supplied with this new enriched flour as rapidly as possible, so if your grocer does not have it yet, we say: "Please be patient.")

Dozens of recipes for delicious things to bake come to you every year in Gold Medal Flour! Every single one is thoroughly tested by the noted Betty Crocker staff. *Silverware coupons in sacks.*

Eventually Why Not Now?

Gold Medal "KITCHEN-TESTED" Flour

and the Betty Crocker Recipes in the Sacks

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FATAL GIFT

"Peter, Darling, You're Sweet to Be Here," Exclaimed Jackie, Hurrying Into the Room. "This Is Lucy. You Know Each Other, Don't You? I Simply Have to Hear About the Job."

(Continued from Page 16)

self-consciousness of self distrust. But tonight, Jackie was the heroine, and it was for her pleasure Lucy planned. Her admiration for Jackie her entire and trustful surrender to the other girl's charm, gave Lucy an almost feverish wish to please Jackie must have a good time Jackie's party must be a success That seemed to Lucy the key to her own future happiness

In the verandah, a melancholy Victorian adjunct on dark or rainy days but now as enchanting with Summer night as a Spanish cloister, Lucy, having approved the moon and what it shone on, stood and listened to the music

A car hummed. A car-door clapped. A bell rang Lucy was startled. Not guests already! It wasn't even ten o'clock. Nobody would be there, certainly, before the earliest hour—far more likely that most of her guests would wait until nearly midnight. But . . there were voices: John's grave, faintly admonitory steps. Someone had come into the dancing room. Why, the caterers were only just setting up the table that was to hold the punch-bowl wreathed in ivy and sunk into a block of ice'

Lucy moved from her pillar to the nearest door, which stood open, and with her accustomed absent-mindedness as to what would constitute the next step, wandered into the room.

A young man stood in the middle of the floor. Tall, slim, in black and white, flower in his buttonhole, joyous anticipation in his eyes, he was an embodied Invitation to the Waltz. Alone, standing quite still, he seemed, nevertheless with his whole being to dance, to laugh, to love, to be, in fact, head over heels in love with motion, music, moons and a girl's loveliness

When Lucy's sandals tapped the floor, he turned about and saw her, standing against a purple square of night, as Trojan Helen might have stood, classic and tall, immortally serene. And Peter Wayne, early by appointment with Jackie, moved not a finger, not an eyelash.

Lucy stood as still.

At last, "You must be one of Jackie's friends," she said. "I'm Lucy Grange."

O, of course." He rid himself of the cigarette, he charged forward "Jackie told me about you My name is Peter Peter Wayne. I'm afraid I'm terribly early but, you see, she asked me . . . I mean, we had quite a lot to discuss."

THAT panic, all too familiar in its consequences on Lucy, had obviously taken possession of him He was looking anxiously about, right and left, longing for the humanness, the familiarity, the ease that was called Jackie Seymour

For the first time in her life. Lucy vaguely understood this condition, but she could not help him by a word. She had no such words She had never felt the need of any. People had made no demands upon her conversational powers. They had seemed content, even eager, to gaze in silence, to worship from afar. And that, of course, was why she had never felt neglected. . .

It was so obviously the distance imposed by worship. While Peter stood in silence, gazing at her, she was completely at her ease, as any goddess might be It was closer communication that gave Lucy her shyness and her self-distrust. But now suddenly the isolation of the altar was not enough She wanted terribly to know this Peter Wayne, to talk and laugh and play and dance with him. She felt as lonely as a plaster saint. This longing and this loneliness were in her eyes.

But Lucy's adoration was veiled by her adorableness. It was incredible to a youth of Peter's modesty and inexperience, that to this supreme and flawless specimen of girlhood, who looked so poised and cool and tranquil, he could be anything but a clumsy, premature guest, a blunderer.

Unable to endure her shining silence, he began to stammer, to explain and to apologize until, by the grace of a belated announcement—John had been incensed by this attractive youth's asking only for Miss Seymour and not for the young lady of the house Jackie came hurrying into the room Jackie in grasshopper green slim and vivacious as that meadow troubadour

"O, Peter darling," she exclaimed "I wasn't dressed I'm so ashamed You're sweet to be here. This is Lucy. You know each other, don't you? May we go out somewhere ..? I simply have to hear about the job. He designs, you know, Lucy, and invents. He's a genius Honestly. Wait, he must show you..."

Peter laughed. Lucy was laughing. The room was warm and alive and comfortable. "You little idiot," said Peter. "I don't carry aeroplane designs around with me. Will you excuse us, Miss Grange, it's awfully rude..."

"Of course. It isn't. Anyway, I've a lot of little things to do. It's lovely outside. You have at least half an hour before the guests come. There's a perfectly gorgeous moon."

Peter and Jackie tumbled out, Peter dodging to and fro as close as possible to her high heels.

It was not until a long time afterward, when the pattern of her life tapestry had begun to reveal itself with the weaving of advancing years that Lucy understood what had happened at that successful party on the night of June 7th At the time, she gave Peter Wayne credit for the miracle. For, at this party, Lucy danced. She danced, not only with the duty partners, paying a social debt to their hostess, but with practically everyone . . and more than once or twice

It did begin with Peter Wayne, cutting in on a prolonged duty dance Nobody before had had the courage, or perhaps the wish, to cut in on Lucy's partner. Then, too soon for Lucy, another of Jackie's friends, the Harvard boy; next time, the lad from Baltimore, and that wild-haired young New York journalist

After a while, the Philadelphia boys, her cousins and her childhood acquaintances began to fall into line. Linnie's suggestion as to inviting friends of Jackie's own having made Baked Alaska of the Philadelphia social ice-cream

LUCY was popular at her own ball She thought she was giving Jackie a good time, and, in fact Jackie seemed to be enjoying that enviable experience with a light heart. Even though Lucy saw Peter leave Jackie to cut in on her own partner, she did not question his swift and timely rescues. She danced and dreamed and gazed beyond his shoulder at the country of that dream

It was at the height of the evening, the music in the full of swing of a Viennese waltz when John announced an entirely unexpected guest.

He stood at the dance room door. "Miss Judith Grange," he boomed

Lucy was dancing past him and stopped, turning from Peter's arm. She snatched at Jackie, luckily within her reach. Both girls, their partners rigid but gallant, came forward to meet the extraordinary entrant. Aunt Judith wore dark crimson velvet She smiled graciously upon Lucy and took her hand

"What a very pretty party, my child. Your Aunt Lu and I were returning from a concert and a supper in town and thought we would look in on you all. How lovely it is...so young and gay."

"Aunt Lu?"

"No. Not here. She wouldn't come in. She has a touch of her neuralgia, poor Lu! And you, Jacqueline, I hope you are enjoying Lucy's little effort."

"I'm having a perfectly wonderful time, Miss Grange."

"I've brought you a gift, my dear. I feel I too must take part in the family welcome. This ought to make...a Grange of you." And from the leather case in her long jeweled hand she drew out with the other a string of supple shimmer, a little serpent of pale brightness.

"Pearls! O, Miss Grange, how lovely of you. What beauties. And what an exquisite clasp. Look, Lucy."

"Lucy will know how to clasp them on for you," smiled Judith "her eyes and fingers are younger than mine"

Lucy took the string in silence and in silence clasped it about Jackie's slim brown throat Lucy's hands were steady but she knew that they were cold, that her face must be whiter than the jewels Jackie, feeling the finger tips, noticing the silence, turned a rather doubtful face

"Aren't they beautiful Lucy? Isn't it sweet of your aunt

"They are very beautiful," said Lucy in that other voice higher, clearer, steadier and sweeter, and she stood silent until the rapturous thanks were said and affably received then silent, allowed Jackie and Peter to escort Aunt Judith to her car.

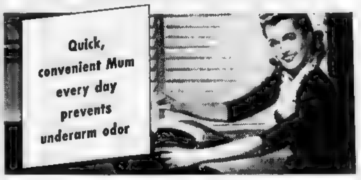
Not long afterwards the dancers began to say good-by. Lucy was glad that dawn was coming and that the morning star trembled in the yellow east. It had been a wonderful party but there was reason for her to be still very very pale

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

[illegible]

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

Business day or dancing night —guard charm with MUM!


Quick, convenient Mum every day prevents underarm odor

THESE are the dangerous days—*dangerous for charm.* Yes, danger of underarm odor, danger of offense every summer day—every summer date. That's why smart girls use Mum every day—after every bath. Remember a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration but Mum prevents odor *to come.*

QUICK—Smooth, creamy Mum takes only 30 seconds—a quick dab under each arm and charm is safe for hours.

SURE—Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps your charm safe!

SAFE—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. Safe to use even after underarm shaving.

● *Avoid worry and embarrassment—Use Mum on Sanitary Napkins, too.*

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● If unusual exercise lays you up with sore muscles, blame fatigue acids. Your extra effort has caused an accumulation of these acids and that's one of the reasons why your muscles hurt. Fortunately, however, most of the muscle tissues affected can be reached by the fast, stimulating action of Absorbine Jr.

Relief! Splash your sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling—ease pain and stiffness Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1 25 a bottle.

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Save money this easy LUX way . . .

It's easy to Lux blankets—save money. New, quick Lux is so fast! So thrifty—gives *more* suds, ounce for ounce, even in hard water, than any of 10 other leading soaps tested. So gentle—safe for anything safe in water.

With the Lux method*, you avoid hot water, harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing . . . things that fade colors, shrink wool. Blankets stay soft and fluffy!

*SQUEEZE extra-rich Lux suds—cool as your hand—gently through blankets (or fill your washing machine with rich, cool Lux suds, run 3 minutes). Never rub or twist. Rinse thoroughly in water as cool as the suds. Dry in shade over 2 or 3 parallel lines.

LUX *all* your blankets.

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Try Molasses In Your Spring Diet

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE student of food trails will find the part played by molasses in our economic life one of the most intriguing chapters of American history. For this humble food product was termed "the very life-blood of Colonial commerce," and the chief source of New England's wealth.

It is known that George Washington was very fond of molasses, and that a great deal of the fine cookery in his Mt. Vernon kitchen was effected with the aid of this most delightful sweetening. There is still extant a letter from Washington in which he requests a captain of a sloop in the West Indies to "Bring me—one HHD. of best molasses, one ditto of best rum, one barrel of lymes if good and cheap—two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about 5 lbs. each"—etc. Evidently the Father of his Country had a notable "sweet tooth."

NOW exactly what is molasses, and what is its value in our modern diet?

Molasses is a by-product in making sugar from the juice of the sugar cane.

On the small islands of the Carribean, the cane is cut and cleaned by hand, then hauled in ox-carts to old-fashioned windmills, which turn the crushing rollers that squeeze the juice from the cane stalks. This juice is then concentrated by boiling off the excess moisture in a big kettle, exactly as the housewife boils down a syrup when putting up fruit or preserves. These shallow open kettles are called "taches."

Louisiana today produces quantities of cane or sugar syrup, much of which is used for blended molasses for the home trade. The alluvial soil of this Mississippi delta produces a molasses of different flavor and characteristics from that obtained from sugar-cane which grows on the volcanic soil of the West Indies. West Indies molasses is darker in color, since no bleach is used in its manufacture, and its delicate aromatic odor is greatly liked. A satisfactory molasses for home use is generally a blended molasses, giving a bouquet of all flavors and the best qualities of each type.

NOW for its nutritive value. Because molasses is such a rich source of food iron it should be put at the top of the shopping list right now. For in the Spring, in particular, many of us are suffering from symptoms which are so familiar—listlessness, no "pep," poor appetite, and pallor. In other words, "Spring fever."

Long ago, children were allowed to eat molasses and bread any time when they were hungry, and molasses was more often used as a sweetening agent in home-baked goods. When molasses is eaten with bread, the milk qualities of the bread help the body to still better assimilate the iron of the molasses. Such a Spring tonic will create no hardship—for children are keen to enjoy the sweet, aromatic and taffy flavor so characteristic of molasses. Of course, food iron is also obtainable from many other foods. But on a cost basis, molasses will prove one of the least expensive sources of food iron, as it is also pleasing to use and easy to prepare.

For example, how easy to let the child make up this novel spread for its own sandwiches:

In a small bowl, blend together 1 tablespoon softened butter with 2 tablespoons molasses, using a fork. Spread thickly on bread slices—and eat.

Or, for the busy mother, or where larger quantities may be required, do this:

Cream 1 cup pure butter until soft and easy to handle. Add yolk of one egg and mix until smooth. Stir 1 teaspoon salt into 1 cup dark unsulphured molasses, and add gradually to the creamed butter-egg mixture. This spread is full of food values. Store in glass jar, and keep covered in the refrigerator.

Another suggestion is to blend together 1 cup softened peanut butter with ¼ cup dark molasses. Store and use as spread.

Still another hint is to blend 1 cup any fruit butter (such as apple or grape butter) with ⅓ cup molasses.

For the child with a finicky appetite who "does not like milk" add 2 tablespoons molasses to 1 glass milk, and beat mixture vigorously. This drink will have a sweet, pleasing taffy taste which the child will like, and thus make him enjoy his milk.

A good accompaniment to the milk might be toast made this way:

Blend ½ cup finely-cut or ground cheese with 2 tablespoons molasses. Spread on white bread slices or bread strips. Toast lightly, and eat hot at once. Milk, molasses and cheese, with bread—all the makings of a big meal.

Here are other suggestions for incorporating the fine, wholesome food qualities of tasty molasses into other home-prepared recipes:

Chocolate Molasses Syrup: Break 4 squares cooking chocolate into small pieces and melt over hot water. Stir in ¾ cup molasses and add ¾ cup boiling water. Continue to cook over hot water until mixture is creamy but not thick. Cool, and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Store covered in refrigerator. To make a West Indies Milk Shake, add ¼ cup of this syrup to 1 tall glass of milk, and shake vigorously. (Recipe may be made with ½ cup cocoa replacing the 4 squares of chocolate).

Soft Molasses Lunch Cookies: Mix and sift together 3½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cloves; cream ¾ cup butter or shortening with ⅓ cup light brown sugar, then beat in 1 egg and ¾ cup dark unsulphured molasses. Add flour mixture alternately with ¾ cup milk. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 12 minutes. Remove from sheet while soft, cool, then pack in tin. (Makes about 7 dozen cookies.)

Rice-Molasses Mold: Soften 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Cool, add ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup cooked rice, and ¼ cup dark molasses. Mix lightly with fork, and chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream whipped stiff. Turn into oiled melon mold and chill until firm. Unmold on platter and garnish with orange segments. Serve plain or with sweet cream. Serves 6.

Molasses Nut Crunch: Combine 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ cup butter or shortening and ¼ cup dark molasses in heavy saucepan. Place over low heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cook, stirring occasionally, until sample becomes brittle in cold water. Add 1 cup coarsely-cut nuts. Continue to heat to 315 degrees. Pour on buttered platter and cool. Break into wedges.

Almanack Hints

ONIONS

When dry onions become hard to peel, soak in cold water about five minutes.

Mrs. William Steiner,
Monroe, Michigan.

* * *

HEM

I have found when hemming a circular skirt the hem will be perfectly even if bobby pins are used to hold the hem in place while sewing. The bobby pins will hold the skirt more securely than ordinary pins.

Mrs. J. M. Lineberger,
Clemson, S. C.

* * *

PROTECTED

Canned fruits and vegetables placed in oatmeal cartons not only protect them from light, but weather conditions also.

Mrs. Mary Patton Roberts,
Arrington, Tenn.

* * *

CHEST

To make an economical but efficient cedar chest, use cheap, soft wood and oil thoroughly with oil of cedar yearly.

R. E. Barron,
Lynn, Mass.

* * *

COOLING

When putting puddings or other dishes out of doors to cool, take a pair of tight-fitting embroidery hoops, stretch cheesecloth in them, and cover the pan or dish. It keeps out dust and lets plenty of cooling air in.

Mrs. Nellie Loper,
Thomson, Ga.

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
P. O. Box 191.
Grand Central Annex, New York.

* * *

MARKING

To mark hose easily and permanently, wet the hem of each stocking thoroughly, and squeeze out the excess water. Stretch the hem tautly over a hard, smooth surface. Write on the hem, using an indelible pencil. Any desired information can be put on the hem—the initials of the wearer—her name and address, if desired—the date of purchase—the price of the hose—where they were purchased—or some mark such as a square or circle to indicate that the two stockings form a pair. This method will help record how long your hose wears.

Miss Viva Searles,
Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

APRON

If you have any worn out house dresses, look them over and you will find that there is enough good material left to make a good apron. Trim them with bias or other material and you will find they will look attractive and will really last a long time.

Mrs. Max Detjens,
Livermore, Cal.

* * *

JINGLE

"Since I've been just a little wheezer,
I've picked fowl for Mom to please 'er.
But one day I scratched my beezer—
Hunted up an eyebrow tweezer,
Pulled pin-feathers one-by-one
And then the job was really fun!

Lelia Jacques,
Fort Wadsworth,
New York.

* * *

STICKY?

So often glasses and dishes stick to oilcloth shelving. If you lay a sheet of waxed paper on top of oilcloth it will eliminate this difficulty.

Mrs. Wm. J. R. Spahr,
Washington, D. C.

* * *

DECORATIVE

Bake a meat loaf in a ring mold, fill the center with small, buttered onions, and place glazed carrots around the outside. Very pretty.

Miss M. Farrell,
Altoona, Pa.

* * *

PIE

When baking dried peach pie, instead of sugar, sweeten the pie with maple syrup, and you will find a much richer flavor, and also a more juicy pie.

Mrs. L. C. Naff,
Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

COTTON

A tiny pad of cotton batting inserted inside each fingertip of rubber gloves, will prevent fingernails from cutting through the rubber.

Carrie E. Chase,
Newburyport, Mass.

LEARN BEAUTY'S SECRET

MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST

1 **DO THIS . . .** Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that coating? It doesn't belong there!

2 **YOU'LL LEARN . . .** that filmy coating on your teeth collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking!

3 **SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium.** You'll *know* how alluring your smile can be when teeth are sparkling bright. You'll *feel* it. Your friends will see it.

• *Only* Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.

• *Only* Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buffs teeth to such shining smoothness that coating brushes off easily before it collects and stains. No other tooth paste gives you as much! Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today.

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. . . for Double-Power Cleansing . . . use
PEPSODENT'S *NEW 50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH*

GENUINE
California Pottery
INDIVIDUAL
Entree and Salad Plate

for only 25¢ *each*

and 6 labels from Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna either Fancy or Grated!

See outserts on top of tuna cans for other valuable pottery offers

START NOW to build up a set of 4 or more of these unusually beautiful 10-inch "Mat White" California Pottery plates; add new glamour to your table! They are available *only* to users of these quality tunas . . . America's favorites for 29 years, because only the tender *light* meat is packed, in delicate, flavor-ful goodness.

Containing Vitamins "A" and "D" and Iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goiter, it's a healthful, delicious food . . . and an *economical* food . . . any way you serve it.

Get six cans of this famous quality tuna today . . . and serve it often. Your family will *love* it! Some like it *Hot* . . . some like it *Cold* . . . but all agree it's "tops"

Send six labels, with 25c in cash, M. O., or check (postage stamps not accepted) for each Entree and Salad Plate you wish. This pottery not sold in stores. Simply write "Send me ___ Entree and Salad Plates" and print your name and address plainly. Send to VAN CAMP SEA FOOD Co. Inc., Terminal Island, Calif.

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LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
Linit is different! Makes a thin, milky fluid which penetrates the fabric.

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

When the "gimp" goes out of your housedresses, if they crease like accordions, *look to your starch!* Try Linit. See what a sleek, smooth finish it gives the fabric. See how much longer your dresses—anything that's starchable—stays fresh, crisp, clean looking. This *modern* starch penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It *lays* tiny fibres that catch dust and dirt. Linit makes ironing easier. All grocers sell Linit.

and wrapper from SAYMAN'S VEGETABLE WONDER SOAP

For a limited time, you can get lovely sheer silk stockings at a BIG SAVING. These silk stockings have picoted hems and reinforced mercerized heel and toe . . . are beautifully tinted in smart new shade of Bali beige . . . Just PRINT name, address and stocking size on wrapper from bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. Mail wrapper with 25c in COIN. This offer is made to acquaint you with Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, which lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or alkali water . . . rinses completely . . . leaves no soapy film. Send Sayman Soap wrapper, name, address, stocking size and 25c to Sayman Products Co., 2104 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

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Leaves no soap scum to fog colors.

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Dust soothing, refreshing Foot-ease on your feet, between your toes. It absorbs perspiration and its antiseptic qualities guard against "Athlete's Foot." Allen's Foot-Ease relieves tired, tender, smarting swollen feet, and eases the pinch and pressure of new shoes. Dance and walk in comfort. Sold everywhere in two sizes. For generous Free Sample and Walking Doll write Department V.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, New York

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY — HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

Cooking Strategy for Army Wives

By ROSE HEATH, Delaware City, Delaware.

THE EYES of the nation are riveted on the lads who man the guns of our national defense. They're a gallant lot, every one of them, but no banners fly for the little ladies who struggle with a refractory budget so that some of these lads may have a real home while they still serve their country. Ladies and Gentlemen! Meet the Army Wives.

Patiently we wait until the pot roast dries and the vegetables wither, for duty must always come first. Sometimes we wait all night and yesterday's pot roast becomes today's hash and the vegetables go into the soup pot.

Our worldly possessions must be kept to the minimum for oftentimes they must be gathered together on short notice as we "take off" for distant parts.

Long we sit, with pencil in hand and a worried frown as we try to make one dollar do the work of two. Always Old Man Budget leers over our shoulders or snarls out a warning as we contemplate a wee luxury and we apologetically skurry back to the straight and narrow way.

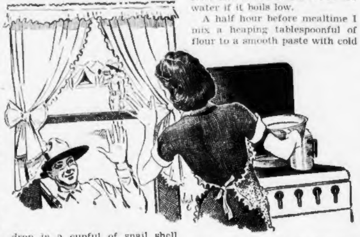
Cooking under these conditions requires the wisdom of Solomon, the business ability of Jesse Jones and the culinary skill of a Negro mammy and the most of us are fresh from the school room.

Some of the following recipes were painfully developed by the trial and error method (my husband lived through this).

Asparagus Soup

Asparagus is not one of the least expensive vegetables, but we're very fond of it so when we have boiled potatoes and buttered asparagus for dinner one day, asparagus soup is on the next day's supper menu. I buy the No. 2 cans of center cuts and tips of green asparagus and reserve the juice and a heaping tablespoonful of the asparagus for the soup. To this add the water drained from the boiled potatoes and set in a cold place until the next day.

Chop one small onion and cut two slices of bacon into ribbons. Add this to your soup stock along with water enough to make half again as much soup as you need. Let this cook slowly for a half hour, then add salt to taste and plenty of black pepper. See that it is actively boiling, then drop in a cupful of snail shell macaroni (or any style macaroni) and let cook until the macaroni is tender. Serve proudly for no one will ever know its lowly origin unless they ask for the recipe. Then let your conscience be your guide.



Colonels' Ladies

Some intriguing little patties have won my husband's special favor. We call them Colonels' Ladies, but they're only our good old standby, hamburger all dressed up. Make the meat into small, thin cakes, salt and pepper them well and then dip them into a mixture of equal parts of grated cheese and bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat to a good brown on both sides. In season I like to serve freshly sliced tomatoes with these, but stewed canned tomatoes are very acceptable.

Beef Stew

Our beef stew is remarkable for its simplicity. To our mind it is much better than a stew wherein one can find anything on earth that the heart craves save a piece of meat. Cut 2 pounds of chuck beef into 2-inch pieces and fry them in hot fat until they are a deep brown on all sides. Add 1 small sliced onion and boiling water to cover the meat. Let it cook slowly for three or four hours—I put it on top of the pot bellied army stove that heats my kitchen and almost forget about it until supper time. Now and then I add a bit of hot water if it boils low.

A half hour before mealtime I mix a heaping tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with cold water. This I add to the stew and stir and stir until it has thickened. In goes half of a No. 2 can of peas to simmer in the meat juices for a time. Boiled potatoes and baking powder biscuits simply "must" go with this dish and with some fruit for dessert this makes a complete meal.

Brown Bread

Both economical and delicious is this brown bread. Thin slices spread with cream cheese make a teatime treat that the chance caller will long remember. Cream ¼ cup vegetable shortening, add ½ cup sugar and cream again. Add ½ cup molasses. Sift together 2 cups graham flour, 1 cup white flour, 1 teaspoon soda and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add flour mixture and 2 cups of sweet milk, alternately. Put the batter in two small brown bread loaf pans (I usually put a waxed paper lining in the bottoms of the pans) and bake in a moderate oven until a straw stuck in the loaf comes out clean. Remove from pans and let cool before cutting.

Orange Apple Sauce

Good for a simple dessert, for the breakfast fruit or with the pork roast is Orange Apple Sauce. Put 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water into an agateware saucepan and let it boil for a few minutes before adding a whole orange cut in thin slices. This must simmer slowly until it is glazed a bit and has given up its flavor to the boiling syrup. Pare, quarter and core 6 tart apples. Remove the orange slices from the syrup and reserve. Put the apple pieces in the syrup and let simmer slowly until you have a smooth apple sauce (put it through the sieve if there is any suggestion of lumpiness). Chill and serve garnished with the orange slices. This has a bite that reminds one of excellent English marmalade.

CRUSTED CUSTARD

SERVE IT WITH GUAVA JELLY

"THIS is my way of making the crusted custard so popular as a dessert in Ybor City, the Latin quarter of Tampa," writes Mrs. C. T. Felix, St. Petersburg, Florida. "Custard is always welcome and always good for the family.

1 pint milk	Salt
¼ cup sugar	Vanilla
3 eggs	1 tablespoon flour

"Mix together, beating the whole eggs into the milk, just enough to blend well, not until foamy. Then take 3 tablespoons granulated sugar. Using top of double boiler over direct heat, caramelize the sugar. When melted twirl pot until sides are thin coated. Now pour in the custard mixture and set over boiling water in the lower part of the double boiler. Cover while cooking, but now and then remove cover and wipe off steam with a towel. When a knife comes out clean, carefully remove from stove and let set undisturbed for several hours, without cover. When thoroughly cold, invert pan and you will have a delicious little 'frosted cake.'"

(Mrs. Felix, we are very glad to publish your excellent recipe for Crusted Custard. Almost everyone likes custard and your suggestion is very good. Almanackers may like to try it with a dot of guava or currant jelly.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In the 17th Century, the "Cake Eating Lady" Was a Familiar Figure at English Fairs. One Such Performer Ate 12 Pounds of Cake in Less Than 30 Minutes at Each of 6 Daily Performances.

OLD FASHIONED STRUDEL

IT HAS MANY PLEASING VARIATIONS

"HERE is a recipe that has been handed down from the ages. It is delicious and we are all fond of it," writes Mrs. Otto Erl, Sr., Medford, Wisconsin.

"For a family of five take 4 cups flour, 2 small teaspoons salt, then mix with warm water until one can easily knead it. Knead it till real fine and smooth, then leave on your board and cover with pan and let rest for one-half hour. Then put a white cover on your table and spread your dough on it after it has been stretched about 1½ feet.

"Start from the center and keep pulling apart until it is real thin. Stretch until all the dough is thin. Then spread with thick cream or ½ cream and ½ shortening. Then add either raisins or thinly sliced apples and sugar, more if apples are used. Roll up with cloth in your hand and put in pan which has been generously greased. Bake crisp and brown and add hot fat over top."

(Mrs. Erl, your basic strudel recipe is a prize winner. Some of our Hungarian friends use many kinds of fruit in addition to the apples you mention. Either fresh or dried fruit — as in the case of apricots and prunes may be used. We have even tasted cabbage strudel which was very good, indeed.—Mary Lee Swann.)

VITAMIN SALAD

IT HAS GREENS AND LIVER, TOO

"MAYTIME is salad time," writes Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Syracuse, Indiana. "Because we are very fond of salad, I've done considerable experimenting along this line and now offer the following healthful combination:

¼ head cabbage	½ pound calves' liver
3 tomatoes	2 tablespoons chopped chives
2 hard-cooked eggs	1 bunch watercress

Thousand Island dressing

"Combine equal portions shredded cabbage, julienned tomatoes and chopped calves' liver with enough dressing to moisten.

"Serve on lettuce garnished with rosettes of cress and slices of tomatoes on sides, sieved egg yolk on top, wedges of hard boiled egg at base of salad.

"Simmer liver in butter, slowly, under cover, until done."

(Mrs. Miles, while we have printed many kinds of salad, as far as we can recall, this is the first time that we have tried calves' liver in this combination. It is very good, indeed.—Mary Lee Swann.)

When a Sixth Century Hungarian Objected to His Wife's Cooking, It Was the Latter's Legal Right to Lock Him Out of the House for the Night.

VEAL ROLLS

TRY THEM WITH OLIVE SAUCE

"HERE is a different way of preparing veal that we are very fond of," writes Lena Aiello, San Leandro, California. "Do try this. I'm sure you'll like it, too.

2 pounds veal steak	¼ pound bacon
1 cup bread crumbs	1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoon minced onion	½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning	¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons lemon juice	2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour	1½ cups hot water

½ cup olives, chopped

"Have veal steak cut into strips about 3 inches long and 2 inches wide. Grind the trimmings from the veal along with the bacon, and mix with the bread crumbs, egg, onion, salt, paprika, poultry seasoning and lemon juice. Spread some of this mixture on each strip of veal and roll into cylinders. Fasten each roll with toothpicks. Melt the butter and when hot brown the veal rolls. Remove rolls and add flour to the butter and stir until blended; then add the water and cook until mixture begins to thicken. Place the veal rolls in the sauce, cover pan tightly and cook for 40 minutes. Remove rolls to hot platter and keep warm while making sauce. Add the olives to the liquid in pan and heat for 5 minutes. Serve with the veal rolls."

(Lena Aiello, we like your inventiveness in working out this interesting and savory recipe. We placed the browned rolls in a glass baking dish and poured the slightly cooled sauce (so that the heat would not break the dish) over the rolls, covered the dish closely and baked them in a moderate oven until very tender. One Maryland woman suggests that Lena Aiello's veal rolls with olive sauce will be served on her table next Sunday when she plans to have a family dinner for visiting relatives.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

"hasn't scratched yet!"

"Hard work?..not when you use my cleanser!"

You don't have to scrub and work hard to make bathtubs and kitchen sinks shine — when you use Bon Ami. For Bon Ami does not rely on coarse grit for its effectiveness. Instead of scratching and dulling surfaces, it has a *special polishing effect* . . . helps keep porcelain smooth and new-looking. Try a can of Bon Ami once, and you'll use it always!

Bon Ami
the quick, safe cleanser for bathtubs and sinks

A Sensible Treatment for CORNS
—for sensible people

A corn is a mass of dead cells (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).
Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.
In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be lifted right out.

READ WHAT CAUSES CORNS —HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

MILLIONS of people have found that this sensible, easy-to-use method helps relieve pain quickly—effectively removes corns.

Home paring only affects the surface. But Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. Here's how they work: First, the felt pad lifts off pressure to help relieve pain. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so in a few days it may be lifted out. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all leading drug counters.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

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RESINOL

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost *as well as with natural teeth.* Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes* but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
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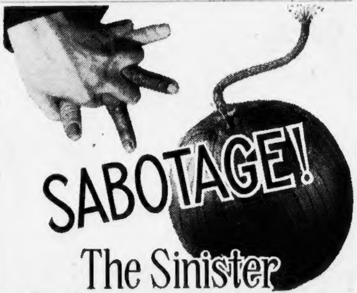


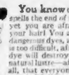
The Sinister Challenge to Scientific Crime Detection

Be Sure to Read This Unusual Article in Next Week's issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

America's most interesting Weekly Magazine

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial l.. —so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock snipped from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 328 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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Doctor's "Liquid" Great Success for Skin Irritations

(externally caused)

Thrills Thousands!

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Zemo contains 10 "special" ingredients. Actually aids healing. Use Zemo morning and night—Soon your discomfort should disappear. MOST convenient because it's a stainless, greaseless *liquid*. Doesn't show on skin! All drugstores.

Can a Married Woman Ever Feel Certain?

Many married women take unnecessary risks with their nerves, health, happiness. Why? Generally because feminine hygiene is considered too personal to be discussed. And so many women use douches of over-strong solutions of acids which can actually burn or scar delicate tissues. Today such risks are needless. For science has given womankind Zonite. Non-poisonous, non-caustic, yet kills germs, bacteria on contact. Actually destroys undesirable odors. Protects personal daintiness. Most important, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. ***Free Booklet Tells Intimate Facts.*** Get this frankly written booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Today"—FREE, sent to you postpaid in plain wrapper. Send name and address to Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. 308B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

When Joint-Ease Starts in Joint Agony STARTS OUT

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POLLO GUADALAJARA

AT a little native restaurant, outside of Guadalajara, Mexico, my husband and I were served this most delicious dish. Since the ancient women who cooked it knew no English and my total Spanish was 'pollo'—meaning chicken—I had no luck when I tried to ask for the recipe. So two days later we went back and ordered the same dish specially prepared. It was cooked in the dining room over a little charcoal stove and, by careful watching, I got this treasured recipe:

1 small chicken, any age, disjointed, washed, wiped dry
2 to 4 tablespoons olive oil, if chicken is fat use lesser amount.
1 teaspoon of salt
A piece of strong, dried red-pepper about the size of a woman's little fingernail. Take this from your pickling spices or as last resort use very small pinch of red pepper (ground).
8 potatoes about size of hen eggs.
Equal quantity of carrots, cut into chunks.
2 medium size tart apples, cored and quartered but not peeled.
Several large handfuls of crisp, bleached celery leaves (tops of your table celery).

Heat oil in kettle. Drop in red pepper and salt. Sear chicken well. Cover closely and cook slowly adding a bit of water if necessary. When chicken is partially done, arrange peeled potatoes and carrot chunks around edge and over top of meat. Over these arrange the quartered apples and top with the celery leaves. Cover closely, cook very slowly and do not stir. When vegetables and chicken are tender, lift them out carefully and arrange on a deep platter. Add hot water to juice in kettle to make about 1 cupful. Salt to taste. Lightly mash the celery tops and apples into this. Discard the apple skins and the bit of red pepper if you can find it. Bring the mixture to quick boil and pour over chicken and vegetables.

Properly prepared this is just about the most delicious dish that you can imagine. Don't overcook the chicken. If it is young and tender, the vegetables may be added immediately after searing the meat. The amount of pepper may be varied to suit American tastes but don't use enough to obscure the taste of the apples and celery. Since they are placed on top of the meat, they cook in the steam and each of their separate flavors should be distinguishable in the pulpy sauce or gravy.

Mrs. Vern J. Bingham,
St. James, Minnesota

(Mrs. Bingham, your intelligent determination to get just the flavor that you enjoyed so much pleases us very much. We followed your recipe carefully. We asked four rather exacting housekeepers to sample the dish when it was ready for the table and they agreed with me that you should have a prize. One of them, a native of Maryland, said that she preferred Maryland fried chicken; another one, a native of New Orleans, remains loyal to chicken gumbo but all of them liked the idea of extending the flavor of the chicken to inexpensive potatoes and carrots. One of them is growing at least 10 kinds of pepper this Spring and is searching seed catalogues for Mexican peppers. She had great success with her collection of pepper plants last year and hopes to do even better this year—Mary Lee Swann.)

WILD ROSE JELLY

Dear Almanack:

As I looked at my pasture full of fragrant wild roses I wondered why man could not make honey from flowers as well as the bees. I at once made some wild rose jelly by using fruit pectin. The fragrance of this jelly resembles that of honey. The recipe follows:

Gather about 1 quart (loose measure) of wild rose petals. Cover with about 3½ cups cold water and boil for fifteen minutes. Strain through jelly bag. Add to the liquid ¼ cupful of strained, fresh strawberry juice, and enough more water to make 4 cups (2 pounds) of liquid in all.

Now add 8 cups (3½ pounds) sugar. Stir and bring to a brisk boil. Add 1 cup of liquid pectin, and continue boiling and stirring for one minute. Pour into jelly glasses (about 12) or seal in small fruit jars.

The addition of the strawberry juice enhances the honey flavor, and imparts a delicate rose color.

Laura Riggs,
Eugene, Oregon.

(Mrs. Riggs, we were delighted to receive your timely recipe for Wild Rose Jelly. With wild roses blooming, many Almanackers undoubtedly will become busy bees themselves and prepare some jelly as you suggest—Mary Lee Swann.)

CARROT AND CORN ON THE COB PICKLES

Dear Almanack:

Here is a pickle recipe which I have never seen in print or one which is at all similar. These pickles were my mother's favorite and they are now a favorite of my own. Guests praise them for their tastiness as well as their unusual appearance.

Prepare small, whole carrots (2 or 3 inches long) for cooking. Husk young ears of corn. The ears should not exceed 3 inches in length or the cobs will be become tough. Cook the carrots and the whole ears until tender. Drain. Mix 1 part each of the water drained off, vinegar, and sugar. Bring this to a boil, add the carrots and ears of corn and a few spices. Simmer a short time. Seal in sterilized jars.

I am submitting this recipe at an early date in order that should you accept it, it can be in print in time for this year's pickling season. Corn and carrots generally reach the 2 inch size at about the same time.

Mrs. Lawrence Lemire,
Sentinel Butte, No. Dak.

(Mrs. Lemire, it was thoughtful of you to submit your excellent recipe at this time so that Almanackers may have it when the "pickling season" arrives—Mary Lee Swann.)

POTATO PIGGY

Dear Almanack:

I think this recipe is entirely of my own invention, as I have never seen anything quite like it in print. Here is the recipe:

2 cups creamed mashed potatoes
3 or 4 hard boiled eggs
¼ teaspoonful paprika
2 small cans Vienna sausages

Season, cooked mashed potatoes to suit the taste, add paprika and a very small dash of nutmeg if liked. Add hard cooked eggs, peeled and diced, mix carefully. Pat out as for potato cakes, add a sausage roll and roll up like a jelly roll. Fry or bake the rolls until a golden brown.

Mrs. Fred Forbes,
Corbin, Ky.

(Potato Piggies are delicious served with whole tomato cups filled with diced or minced onion, carrots and grated turnips, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste.—Mary Lee Swann.)

GETTING READY FOR "PUTTING UP" TIME

Will there be canned raspberries, grape catsup, elderberry jelly, celery and pepper relish, gingered tomatoes and other delicious preserves on your pantry shelf this year? You'll find recipes for them and others equally as good in the handy "22 Almanack Preserves Recipe" Chart. Also charts for:

22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
18 Almanack Casserole Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes

will be sent to you on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPARTMENT, THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
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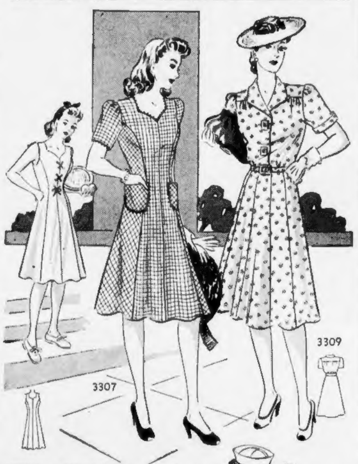
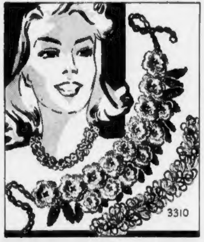
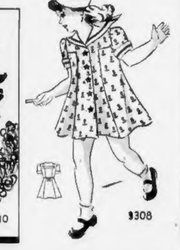
The American Weekly Patterns







Pattern 3307—What a versatile two-in-one idea! This simple style with its gracefully curved princess lines makes both an everyday frock AND a sleeveless suntan dress. A bolero-jacket is included in the pattern. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16, dress, requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch fabric; sun dress, 4⅛ yards, and bolero, 1⅛ yards.

Pattern 3309—It's shirtwaist season—and here's one of the smartest styles we've seen. This slenderizing matron frock has casual young details. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3308—There's a tidal wave of nautical fashions this year! This jaunty sailor-lass style for a small girl flaunts a front buttoning, in-one yoke and panel, and gay braid trim. The cap is included. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 35-inch fabric and 1 yard contrast.

Pattern 3310—It's the new crocheted jewelry—so quick to make in gimp—and exciting to wear with Summer frocks! The flower necklace has a matching belt—the chain, a matching bracelet. Pattern 3310 contains directions for making jewelry; illustrations of it and stitches; material requirements.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

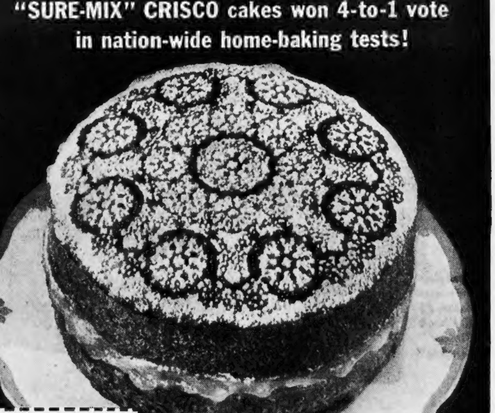
by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Quick Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Canned Figs, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Applesauce, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Bran Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal, French Pancakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Strawberries, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee.
Luncheon Tomato Juice, Asparagus with Cheese, Diced Carrots, Lettuce Salad, Apple Roll, Lemon Sauce, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cream of Onion Soup, Crackers, Apple and Salted Peanut Salad, Celery, Shredded Raw Carrots, Caramel Cup Custard, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Fruit Juice, Cheese Fondue, Spinach, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Mayonnaise, Bran Muffins, Pineapple Gingerbread, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cream of Broccoli Soup, Grilled Sweetbreads and Mushrooms, Potato Balls, Lettuce Salad, Strawberry Tarts, Coffee.	***Luncheon*** Salmon Bisque, Crisp Rye Wafers, Cabbage Salad, Fruit Compote, Cookies.	***Luncheon*** Fruit Plate, Tunafish Shortcake, Asparagus, Chicory Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Babas, Coffee.	***Dinner*** Baked Slice of Ham with Baked Beans and Rice Croquettes, Green Corn, Asparagus, Endive and Radish Salad, Lemon Ice-Box Cake, Coffee.
Dinner Beet Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Broiled Beef Patties, Savory Sauce, Old-Fashioned Spoon Bread, Stewed Tomatoes, Green Salad, Roquefort Dressing, Compote.	***Dinner*** Hungarian Goulash, Stuffed Tomatoes, Carrot Ring with Peas, Salad Bowl, Strawberry Mousse.	***Dinner*** Hot Broiled Grapefruit, Lamb Loaf, Potatoes, Green Peas, Beet Salad, Chocolate Mint Surprise.	***Dinner*** Fruit Cup, Breaded Veal Cutlets, Steamed Rice, Glazed Carrots, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Maple Charlotte.	***Dinner*** Baked Bean Casserole, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Vanilla Ice Cream, Tutti-Frutti Sauce.	***Dinner*** Madrilene (Hot or Cold), Curried Duck, Rice, Home-Made Peach Chutney, Salad Bowl, French Dressing, Strawberries, Cookies.	***Buffet Supper (For Young People in Family)*** Scalloped Salmon in Noodle Ring, Green Peas, Jellied Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Lemon Sherbet.

NEW CRISCO GIVES ME LIGHTER CAKES!

Mrs. Edward Cotilla
of Upper Darby, Pa.

Read why "SURE-MIX" CRISCO cakes won 4-to-1 vote in nation-wide home-baking tests!



So light—yet moist and fruity.
Everyone loves

ORANGE MARMALADE CAKE

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
2 eggs (save 1 yolk for filling)
½ teaspoon salt
Grated rind half orange
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup milk
½ cup orange marmalade
¼ cup chopped walnuts

Blend Crisco, sugar, eggs, salt. Add rind. Sift flour with baking powder. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. (You get a new kind of smoother batter with "Sure-Mix" Crisco!) Add marmalade and nuts. Stir well. Bake in 2 "Criscoed" 8" layer pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool.

ORANGE FILLING

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup orange juice
½ cup water
Rind of half orange
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Mix sugar, flour, cornstarch and salt. Add orange juice, water and rind. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add beaten egg yolk. Cook two minutes. Remove from heat. Add lemon juice and cool. Spread between cake layers.

TO DECORATE TOP—Place a lacy paper doily (wrong side up) on top of cake. Sift on confectioners sugar till doily is completely covered. Lift up carefully —and presto, a lacy design!

All Measurements Level

BETTER-TASTING!
"UMM—MOM, THIS CAKE TASTES BETTER'N EVER," said Jean Watson of Akron, Ohio. And Mrs. Watson was mighty proud of the cake she got in the Crisco test

Mrs. Elsie C. Watson and her daughter, Jean

Get cakes better 3 ways—with NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO

Want to feel proud as Punch about the cakes you bake? Want to see 'em bake up *lighter*—with a *smoother texture*—and *taste better* than ever before?

Well then, lady, just you use "Sure-Mix" Crisco when you stir up your next cake. See for yourself the wonderful differences found by hundreds of other women in a recent home test.

These women, just housewives picked at random in 20 cities, were given cans of "Sure-Mix" Crisco to try in their own cake recipes and compare with their regular favorite shortenings.

"Sure-Mix" Crisco wins 4 to 1

When these women told their preference, New Crisco won a 4-to-1 vote over all other shortenings combined (every kind you can think of including the most expensive cake shortening). Women said Crisco cakes were better these 3 ways . . . "Lighter!" . . . "Smoother-textured!" . . . "Better-tasting!"

And pure all-vegetable Crisco won this same big 4-to-1 vote for making flakier pies and better-tasting fried foods, too!

Why Crisco is different

New "Sure-Mix" Crisco brings you the greatest shortening discovery in years—it's exclusive—it makes Crisco act differently from any other home shortening we know of. Notice the new type of cake batter you get—it's smoother, creamier. And is *that* a help! Why, Crisco cakes consistently bake up to 15% higher and lighter than cakes made with other home shortenings.

Buy Crisco today—for all your baking and frying!

CRISP, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS!
"I GET SUCH LOVELY GOLDEN FRIED FOODS WITH NEW CRISCO . . . CRISP—NOT GREASY. AND SO GOOD-TASTING!" Mrs. A. D. Lawson, Dover, Del. She's a real Crisco fan since she made this test

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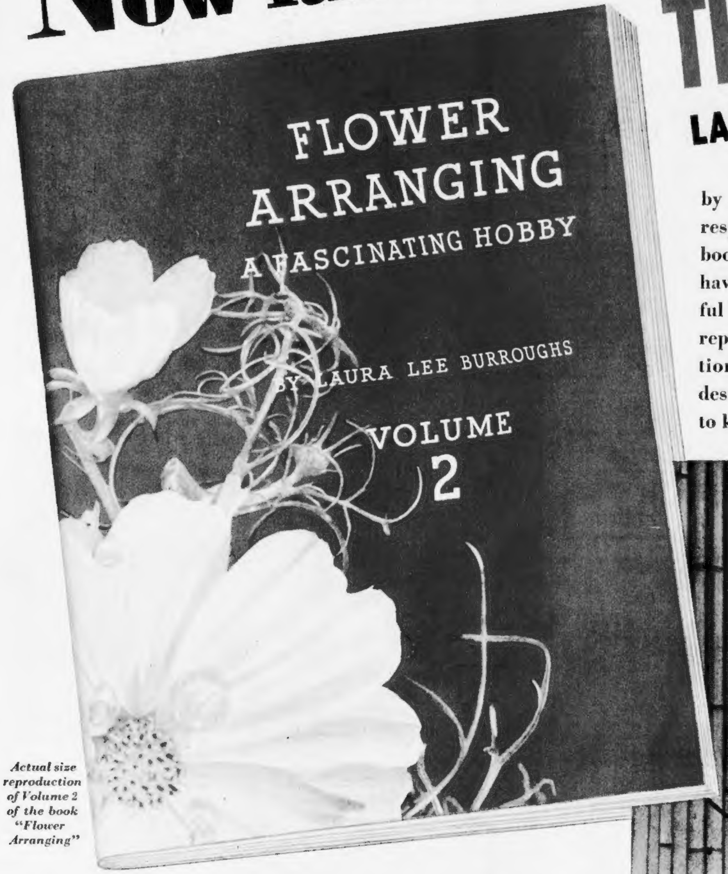
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